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AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c.

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OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN.

STARCH IN BARK AND WOOD, AND ITS USE.

Probably some of our readers may suppose that it is a little *moonshiny* to talk of there being starch in the bark and buds of trees. It is a fact that at certain seasons of the year there is a quantity of this article deposited there, in some trees more than in others. It certainly is not more strange that this should be the case, than it is to find it deposited in fruits and seeds. Every school boy, who has had a run through a thrifty pine woods at certain periods of early summer, knows how to "*sliver*" a young pine—that is, cut in and strip off the inner bark that is forming the alburnum, and which is full of mucilage and saccharine matter formed from the starch, and probably a little starch not yet formed into sugar and mucilage. Some hungry nations, in time of famine, know that the inner bark of some species of trees, birches &c., when ground up, will sustain life by means of the starch and mucilage they contain. Every body knows that the maple contains a large quantity of saccharine or sugary matter, at an early period of spring, but apparently little at a later period. Where does it come from, and what becomes of it? A little knowledge of chemistry will tell you that sugar and starch vary but very little in their ingredients or matter of which they are made, and this sugar is probably derived from the starch that has been deposited in the reservoirs of the roots and bark, and is taken up as nourishment for the blossoms and leaves, before the season is sufficiently advanced and the leaves large enough to pump up from the soils the matter necessary for the support and the growth of the tree and its parts. Chemists will tell you, and you may even satisfy yourself that many barks and buds contain starch, by rubbing or macerating them in water, and thus obtain the substances separately.

Liebig, whose researches in chemistry as applied to agriculture are of great value and the most of whose conclusions are correct, observes, in regard to this subject, "that the leaves of trees and shrubs continue in activity until destroyed by frost. The formation of the layers of wood progresses, the wood becomes harder and more solid; but after August the leaves form no more wood; all the carbonic acid which the plants now absorb, is employed for the production of nutritive matter for the following year. Instead of woody fibre, starch is formed, and is diffused through every part of the plant by the autumnal sap. According to the observations of M. Heyer, the starch thus deposited in the body of the tree, can be recognized in its known form by the aid of a good microscope. The bark of several aspens (poplars) and pine trees contain so much of this substance that it can be extracted from them by trituration with water. It also exists in the roots and other parts of perennial plants. A very early winter or sudden change of temperature prevents the formation of this provision for the following year, its wood does not ripen, and the growth next year is very limited."

Hence, from the facts above stated and also from the fact that the past autumn in Maine was very mild and vegetation of shrubs and trees was continued late and not cut off or stopped suddenly, we may reasonably expect that the growth of trees and shrubs, as well as the fruits, will be large and abundant next year. Unforseen changes of weather may, it is true, vary the next season in such a manner as to prevent this, but at present, with us every thing appears to be unusually well prepared for the above named results.

Since writing the above we notice that a writer in the December number of the Farmer's Cabinet, over the signature of "Chemico," after quoting more largely from Liebig than we have, draws several very excellent conclusions and practical inferences therefrom. We have room now only to condense some of his remarks.

1—Trees should be transplanted when the quantity of starch in their roots &c. is largest, as in fall or spring. If in summer, when but little starch is present and no internal means of support while the new roots and leaves are starting, it suffers, and generally dies.

2—Grafts, if cut between November and April and set, have a supply of starch of their own, which will support them till united to the stock firmly, provided it has moisture from the stock. So also in regard to slips and cuttings.

3—In regard to the durability of wood—if cut when full of starch, as in winter, insects are tempted to bore into it, and by addition of moisture a fermentation is brought on, and the wood decays. Hence, wood cut in summer, when the starch is exhausted and no new formed, is found to be more durable than that cut in winter.

4—In clearing land and bushes—those cut in winter when roots and wood are full of starch, throw up suckers next season—these being nourished by the internal supplies. Those cut in summer, say just before or first of August, before the new supply of starch, are not near so liable to throw up suckers.

5—"When fruit trees bear a very heavy crop late in the fall, they are apt to exhaust their supply of carbonic acid in the formation of fruit, and leave none for the formation of starch for the use of the leaves and roots of the following year. Hence during the year after such late and heavy bearing, they appear sickly and weak, and although they often blossom finely, they bear little or no fruit. But during the fall of the non-bearing season, they again acquire their supply of starch and gum, and the next year, if other circumstances are equal, they bear their usual fine crop.

On this account, they are said to bear fruit *naturally* every other year, when if supplied well with lime, ashes, and ground charcoal, so that it might absorb and assimilate sufficient carbonic acid for its fruit, and the formation of its starch, it might be made to bear every year *naturally*."

DISINFECTING FLUID.

It will be of advantage to farmers, nurses, and every body else, we presume, to know that Sir William Burnett, of England, has discovered a very simple liquid which has the property, when properly applied, of destroying the disagreeable and sometimes dangerous odor of the room where the sick are confined, as well as where any putrid or offensive matter is.

It has been effectually used in the Haslar hospital, in the close stool of patients, sick of dysentery—in the water closets, and cesspools, and also in the wards where the air was tainted with purulent expectoration or discharge from sores, with the effect of immediately removing the offensive odors.

The substance used is merely the *chloride of zinc*, dissolved in water. Any chemist or apothecary can prepare it easily. The method of using it, as adopted in the above named hospital, is to supply the nurses with a bottle of the *diluted solution*, and direct it to be used whenever occasion may require, by sprinkling it over the floors.

In a concentrated state it is corrosive, but when properly diluted, in the proportion of one part to four of water, it has been applied to foul ulcers with great advantage, and wounds that had dead and mortified parts, separating and sloughing off, have been rid of their fetid odor.

It has been made useful in vessels, where the bilge water is very offensive; and it is stated that if applied to any putrefying body or flesh, it arrests the progress of putrefaction. In the wounds and some diseases of animals, upon the farm, it must oftentimes be very useful.

COMPOST. The American Farmer recommends a compost prepared in the following manner. Take 40 bushels of mould from the woods, 5 bushels of ashes, leached or unleached, 5 bushels of bone dust, 1 bushel of plaster; the whole to be incorporated together by shoveling over, and the heap to be thoroughly moistened by 30 gallons of human urine, and again shoveled over. The compost is recommended for one acre of wheat.

WINTER REVERSED. Thus far the winter in Maine has been very unusual. We are generally pretty sure of good sleighing in December; and it is most always the very best of the winter months for business, as the snows are not too deep. This year, December, with us, goes out without any sleighing. We hear that south and west of us there is abundance of snow.

ON A BARN CELLAR.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I am not a very knowing man, and can prove it to be a fact by my more knowing neighbors; yet in one single, simple item, I have gone one step before them. In the year 1842 I took down a venerable old barn, that had probably travelled its annual circuit one hundred and fifty times, and erected a new one, 36 by 48 feet with a celler under it, which is yet the only barn cellar in our town.

Being partial to any contrivance that facilitates to every day labor, and lately reminded by a public hint on barn cellars, I incline to set my cattle stable in the light, if my clumsy description will suffice for that purpose. The cellar is a tight one, freezing but little in the depth of winter, occupied as a common cow-yard the year round; has a store room for roots, and a flight of stairs near its centre. Out side, distant twenty-five feet is a well for water. Having no partiality for trap doors, I hit on a plan, new to me, if not to all, which after four years' probation gives me full satisfaction. The stable is eleven feet wide, and extends the whole length of the barn on one side; one end of the plank, for its floor is level with the thrashing floor; the plank extending in a direction to the lower side of the south sill, but not to it by ten inches, thus leaving an open space ten inches wide from one end of the barn to the other. Then a long plank to go lengthways of the barn, placed level on the south sill and other timbers wide enough to cover the said open space, and four inches over and it is done, lacking a cleat on the floor against the door. This plan leaves a passway for the manure about five inches deep, always ready open, and a dry side walk behind the cattle.

A rock is proof against all weather, not so with lime or ashes or the contents of a barn yard. I have long seen the important properties go to waste and nihility, much against my consent; and this may be the case with some, who have good barns, on locations unfavorable to the subterranean story.

There seems no clue or ground for calculation on the exact loss resulting from the want of a barn cellar; but certain it is, that the loss is often amounting to a sum equal to the cost of building one, which is an added story having rocks for its walls, and not requiring a shingle the more. [Boston Cult.

THE TOAD. That poor, despised, and harmless reptile, is admirable in its proportions, and has an eye of such transcendant beauty, that when I find one I place it on my hand to view it more minutely. Its skin, too, so completely adapted to the subterranean places into which it goes for shelter, is well worthy the attention of the philosopher. As this little animal is innocuous, I feel sorry when I see it trampled under foot by inconsiderate people, who have learned from their grandmothers that it is full of venom.

[Charles Waterton.

Portrait of a Devon Cow.

DEVON CATTLE.

We present to our readers a description of this beautiful breed of stock, from the pen of as good a judge of cattle as there is in the Union. There have been but few of this breed introduced into our State. The first that we know of was a full blooded bull from the Patterson stock, sent by the late Mr. Thorndike, of Boston, on to his farm in Jackson, (Waldo county.) Whether any of the breed are to be found in that section now or not, we do not know.

MR. HOLMES—No cattle have greater purity of blood than the North Devons. They are doubtless one of the aboriginal races of Great Britain, and their leading characteristics have been the same from the earliest records to the present time. Their symmetry, size, and general qualities have been somewhat improved of late years by selections of the best of the breed for breeders, but no material deviation has been made from their original stamp.

In size, the Devons belong to the medium class, though from their small bones and compact form, their weight, especially when they are fat, is often under-estimated. In points and appearance, they exhibit a degree of refinement, intelligence, and a general *high-bred* character, not surpassed if equalled by any other breed. In general they are hardy, though in some families with which *close-breeding* has been long practised, there is occasionally manifested an *extreme* delicacy of form, indicative of less strength of constitution than is desirable. They are active, and strong for their weight, and make the most sprightly and vigorous working-oxen. Youatt says the Devon ox "rivals the horse in activity and docility, and often fairly beats him off the field in stoutness and honesty in work." They fatten easily, and their beef is of the best quality. In dairy qualities, the breed has generally been considered as not entitled to more than a medium rank; but latterly, some breeders have paid particular attention to their stock in this respect, and there are some herds which, for the production of butter, stand high. Mr. Bloomfield, of Norfolk, England, a tenant on the estate of the late Earl of Leicester, has a herd of Devon cows for which he received a premium as the best dairy stock. They averaged two hundred pounds of butter each, in a year.

The first pure North Devons which were introduced to this country, of which we have any account, were sent by Mr. Coke, (afterwards Earl of Leicester,) to Messrs. Patterson & Caton, of Baltimore, Md., in June, 1817. From these gentlemen the stock was widely disseminated. Other importations of the breed have since been made.

Mr. George Patterson, of Baltimore, (son of the gentleman above-mentioned,) commenced with his father's stock; but within a few years has made several importations from the herd of Mr. Bloomfield, and now has a very superior herd, uniting with their fine forms the excellent dairy qualities of Mr. Bloomfield's stock.

Mr. Lemuel Hurlbut, of Winchester, Ct., procured some of Messrs. Patterson & Caton's stock in 1819, and has crossed the descendants of these with animals obtained from Mr. George Patterson, and has a fine herd.

Mr. Washbon, of Butternuts, Otsego county, New York, has a good herd of Devons.

The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, imported four beautiful cows and a bull, obtained from Mr. Bloomfield's celebrated herd, in 1845; and they, with the offspring which they have produced since their arrival here, are now on the farm of Elias Phinney, Esq., at Lexington, Mass.

FIRE PROOF CEMENT.

The following notice from a Rochester, N. Y., paper, refers to a substance that we have frequently seen noticed in the papers, as an article of great value for buildings, steamboats, &c.; but we have never seen it in actual use. Why do not some of our citizens who are erecting fine buildings cover the roof with it instead of zinc or tin? It must be vastly cheaper. The material is dug from the ground in Sharon township, we believe, in Medina county; and the supply is said to be very abundant:

"Mr. Wm. Blake, Akron, Ohio, called on us this morning with some handsome specimens of a fire proof cement, prepared from a metallic substance recently discovered near Akron, and used extensively at the west, as a coating for roofs, steamboat decks, and other structures exposed to fire. The material from which the cement is prepared, has been found on analyzation to contain nearly equal parts of magnesia, alumina, and silex, mingled with lesser proportions of black oxide of iron, sulphuret of iron, lime and carbon. It is prepared for use by being ground first in water—after which it is dried and again ground in a fine, soft powder, free from grit, sand or earthy particles. The powder is mixed with linseed oil, in the same manner as ordinary paint, and applied with a brush precisely as any of the leads. The substance coated with the cement presents a smooth and lustrous black surface, capable of admitting an exquisite polish, and in a few days attains a consistency equal to marble, and remains afterwards impervious to the attacks of time and the elements. Neither fire nor water affects its stability; but so long as the substance to which it is applied lasts, so long will the cement retain its place, unimpaired by wear of surface or cracks.

The discovery of such a material, it seems to us, must work a complete reformation in the mode of protecting buildings and other structures from fire. It may be applied to shingles already laid on—to boards or flooring—to steamboat decks—to paper or canvass, in either application its effects are the same—to present a surface impervious to fire. The wood to which it is applied will char sooner than the coating will fail.

For ornamental fire places, the cement is a very handsome preparation, closely resembling, when polished, the handsomest Italian marble. Slates for the use of schools have been made of it. There are few uses in connection with building purposes to which it may not be applied with advantage."

[Ohio Cultivator.

FOXES.

Mr. Mudie, the writer of the article "Fox," in Partington's Cyclopedia, relates, from his own personal knowledge, the following particulars:—One morning early a man in the north was going to his work through furze bushes on a common, and came upon a fox, stretched out at length, under the side of one of the bushes. The fox was drawn by the tail and swung right and left and then laid on the ground, but not a symptom of motion or life did he show. The man, never doubting that Reynard had gone the way of foxes, and nothing loth to add a fox-skin cap to the list of his personal garniture, and the brush to the tail of peacock's feathers and other ornamental trophies over the little looking glass that stood inclined from the wall of his cottage, took the animal by the tail and swung it over the one shoulder, at the same time placing his mattock on the other to keep up the balance, and, having done so, onward he trudged to mend the high road. The animal had counterfeited death to admiration, and he did not mind being carried in the manner of a dead fox; but he had no inclination to undergo that species of dissection which the point of the mattock was ever anon giving to his ribs; so, at last, he gave that decisive snap, which is the characteristic bite of foxes. The man felt that something was the matter, but knew not very well what; so throwing the fox and mattock from him, he turned round to face his foe, whoever he might be, and, in turning, he espied his dead fox at the distance of full fifty yards, making for the break with all imaginable speed. We shall mention one other anecdote, which came within the personal knowledge of the writer of this article, because it throws some light on the mode of action of the fox. The parsonage of Kilmorac, in Invernessshire, is situated in a highly romantic spot, and the the clergyman of Kilmorac was a man of great taste and very hospitable, and he accordingly endeavored to provide for his guests all the good things which his glebe-land would afford. A well-stocked poultry yard is an essential requisite in such cases; but here foxes were so numerous and their covers so near, that a poultry-yard was out of the question. A poultry house was thus requisite, and the reverend doctor prided himself not a little in having constructed one which was completely fox-proof, and, for a good many years, it had been impregnable. A friend of ours had spent a night in this romantic and hospitable abode, and, while fresh salmon from the Baulay formed one article for the breakfast table, new-laid eggs from the stronghold of the hens were, of course, to form another. The purveyor in these cases took the key and marched off, basket in hand, to bring the supply; but when she opened the door a scene of the most direful havoc presented itself. Every perch and every nest-hole was bedaubed with blood; dead hens lay in dozens on the floor, and, in the middle, was a full sized fox, stretched out at full length, and, apparently, a sharer in the common mortality. The maid never doubted the death of the fox, but attributed it to a different cause, namely, that he had so gorged himself on the poultry that he had burst. Here were three causes to rouse the mingled wrath and contempt of the servant; and after some exclamations, she took him by the tail and swung him with all her might into the receptacle in which were accumulated the requisites for garden compost. The fox fell safely and rose again speedily, and scoured along until he gained the cover of the woods, leaving the servant in utter consternation.

[Couch's Illustrations of Instinct.

REMEDY FOR THE POTATO ROT. Robert Von Amburgh, of Poughkeepsie, has raised two successive crops of Mercer potatoes, viz: one crop in 1846 and one the present year (1847,) perfectly sound and without any rot. The potatoes planted in 1846, were small potatoes of the year before, and about the size of a hickory nut, or a trifle larger, and dug when green and before the usual time of digging, and preserved through the winter. These planted last spring were the same kind, and were planted without regard to size.

[From the National Era.]

THE HUSKERS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest fields all green with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin dry mist that morning the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disc of fire, it brightened as it sped;
Yet even its noon-tide glory fell chastened and subdued
On the corn fields and the orchards and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
It wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, it glorified the hill,
And beneath it pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many tinted leaves, and laughed they knew not why;
And school-girls, gay with aster flowers beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weathercocks,
But even the birches on the hills stood motionless as rocks;
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled in light and shade the pale-green waves of rye;
But, still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that dry and seer,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;
Beneath the turnip lay concealed in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters, and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain:
Till, rayless as he rose that morn, sank down at last the sun,
Ending the day of dreamy light and warmth as it begun.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the sunset lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay,
From many a brown old farm-house and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times o'er, the old men sat apart,
While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm a husking ballad sung:

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storms shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

When spring time came with flower and bud,
And grasses green and young,
And merry Bobolinks, in the wood,
Like mad musicians sung,

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And trightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Of golden showers of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board,
Give us the bowl of samp and milk
By home-spun beauty poured.

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our corn-fed girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of the Yankee's grain,
His wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for His golden corn
Send up our thanks to God!

LIGHT AND VEGETATION.

MESSRS. EDITORS—The manner in which light, as a necessary agent, affects the growth and productiveness of plants, has not been properly considered by the conductors of agricultural experiments. If this was not the case, there would be less said about the attractive influences of the moon, and more respecting the effects produced by its light—which is undoubtedly important to vegetation, as well as solar light. That plants absorb light for some considerable purpose, is apparent from the fact that the upper surface of their leaves is generally turned in a direction from which the greatest quantity is to be derived; and that when growing in crevices of rocks, or in situations where light is only admitted on one side, they incline in that direction, showing that the leaves of plants search for light in the same manner that the roots do for nourishment. The Rose Lupine (*Lupinus pilosus*) and many other species of plants that have irritable leaves, invariably turn them towards the sun during the day, and at night to the moon, especially if it be nearly at its greatest light, as if thirsting for rays more intense than those received indirectly, or from the diffuse light of day.

The greatest benefit received by plants from the absorption of light, is in the decomposition of carbonic acid gas, which is one of the principal supporters of vegetable life. It is a compound substance, composed of oxygen and carbon. When it is absorbed in large quantities by plants vegetating exposed to the sun, it is known to be efficacious in hastening their growth; but to plants confined exclusively to the shade, such quantities are injurious, as its carbon cannot be assimilated with the plant, until decomposed—which in this case can by no means be effected, without direct light from the sun. If carbonic acid gas is received into plants that cannot absorb light sufficient for its decomposition, it is useless, or rather injurious to them. In the decomposition of this gas, absorbed by vegetables, the light is first decomposed on entering the plant—all the rays not being required to produce the intended effect; consequently the green ray is reflected, probably more for its prejudicial tendency to hinder the action of the other rays, than to give the whole of vegetation a uniform color. But as it is, the green ray is never absorbed by healthy, growing plants; but it is reflected, more or less, according to the thriftiness of their growth—which is of itself a circumstance sufficient to bring us to the consideration of the nature of plants, respecting their refusal to absorb a certain particle or ray of light, while exhibiting luxuriance in the greatest degree. If its rejection cannot be accounted for, by supposing that the carbonic acid gas of plants cannot be properly decomposed, even through the agency of light, without the exclusion of the green ray, I am willing to let it remain among the mysteries of nature. When plants digest carbonic acid, the carbon is deposited, forming a part of their substance, while the principal part of the oxygen is permitted to escape from the under surface of their leaves, which is essential, in respiration, to the support of animal life, but is exhaled as entirely useless in vegetation.

Now, since we have seen that light is essential to the growth of plants, may we not justly suppose that it affects their productiveness; and that the practice adhered to by many farmers, of planting seeds at particular times of the moon's various positions to the earth, is mainly correct, though pronounced by the "learned and scientific" to be superstition? As plants of any description require the same length of time in one season, to grow and ripen, as in any other, (should they be favored with like circumstances,) it is evident that those which are in the course of their growth to deposit large quantities of carbon, in the form of fruit, should be allowed to commence vegetating at a time in the proper season, when the moon afforded the best light. Then in a few days they will require the additional light furnished nightly by the increasing moon; and vegetation will progress without interruption, as far as light is concerned. Nature has undoubtedly made judicious arrangements for supplying plants with the important agent. After drinking, through the day, the intense light of the sun, they find relief in the gradual approach of darkness, which changes the process of vegetation in such a manner that oxygen is absorbed, instead of carbonic acid; but, when moonlight is prevalent, it is carried on in the same manner as it is during the day, except the rapid decomposition of carbonic acid is checked by the mildness of the light. If we disregard the irregularity of the seasons, and closely observe the growth of plants that have been planted at the proper time respecting the moon's position to the earth, we will find that there is much benefit to be derived from being attentive to the best time of planting seeds; for, in the cultivation of plants, if the season should not interfere in arresting their growth, we may secure to any particular kind the benefit of moonlight, as they naturally require it. The cause of many failures, in experiments of this kind, may be attributed to some predominant inclinations of the seasons, or to the carelessness of those concerned in the experiment. If farmers would look into their business properly, they would soon be convinced that there is yet much to be learned by them, upon which their prosperity in some degree depends. Therefore it should be the aim of all to improve, and experiment in agricultural science. J. HALL.

Athens, Me., Nov., 1847.

CALIFORNIA.

The Newark Daily Advertiser publishes a letter dated "Harbor of Monterey, Upper California," written on the 17th of last June, from which we take the following passages:

The country is well adapted to raising cattle. I have travelled through some of the finest valleys, upon which thousands of cattle and horses were feeding on the rich grasses growing in luxurious abundance; and even on the tops of the hills wild oats and clover are found in plenty. But it may be doubted if it will do so well for agricultural purposes, owing to the drought which prevails in the summer, except in those parts which may be irrigated by the hand of industry. The soil is rich, and except the dryness, admirably adapted to raise most, if not all the vegetables and fruits in the New York market; but it is not cultivated. With the exception of Capt. Fisher's table, I have not seen a potato since far the other side of Cape Horn.

The food of this country is beef, and it is excellent. The country abounds in game; the waters swarm with fish; the soil will yield abundant crops of wheat; fruit and vegetables might be raised in plenty—but the Spaniards, or Californians, are too indolent. The Indians are worthless, doing nothing but stealing, since the downfall of the Spanish missions; and while some of the emigrants are industrious and frugal, others sell rum, get drunk, and excel even the Indians in scottish inebriation, so that we can obtain nothing but beef to eat at present.

The Californians spend much of their time on horseback, and are among the finest riders in the world. They excel in the use of the lasso, which in their hands is a most formidable weapon. It is a simple rope made of raw hide about thirty feet long, with a running noose at one end, generally coiled on the horn of the saddle. When in chase of a wild bullock, or horse, or bear, or elk, the rider runs his horse as near as he wishes, and swinging the noose around his head throws it over the head or feet of the animal, and winds the other end around the horn of the saddle. The horse trained to the business stops and braces himself against the concussion, which often brings the bullock to the ground.

It was remarked by Wilkes when here, that there was more liquor drank in this country in proportion to its inhabitants, than in any other, and I have no doubt of it. The most fearful exhibition I have seen was yesterday, (the Sabbath,) in Monterey, in front of a rum hole, just in the rear of the alcaid's (magistrate's) office—in which I have preached for the last three Sabbaths.

The proprietor of the establishment has an especial license to sell rum, and keeps a gambling house open on the Sabbath; here were congregated Californians and Indians, Americans and Spaniards, volunteers and regulars, sailors and marines, squaws and horses, (the latter the most respectable,) all in the the most indiscriminate confusion—drinking, gambling, swearing and fighting. I do not mean that the horses did anything of this; noble animals, they had much rather eat clover and wild oats. Look at the scene: there is a negro with a sweat cloth, and a purser's clerk just discharged from the Columbus, has lost $30 on it: close at hand, three squaws and a marine lie together, hopelessly drunk: another company is fighting, until faces are bruised and Spanish knives are gleaming in the sunlight, their owners, fortunately too drunk to draw much blood. If there was a place in Sodom that equalled this, I am not surprised that righteous Lot was "vexed with their filthy conversation." One of them dropped dead in the billiard room last night.

Monterey is supposed to contain 12,800 inhabitants. The houses are built of adoves, that is, bricks which are dried in the sun, with projecting roofs to protect the walls in the rainy season. The Spanish language is spoken universally, except the emigrants, of whom it is thought there are from two to three thousand in number.

The sufferings endured by a party of these emigrants in the mountains last season are almost incredible. They were too late in crossing, and were caught in the showers of the Sierra Neva, without food, and were compelled to eat the dead bodies of their companions as they one by one perished with cold and hardship. A company went to their relief, some of whom were badly frozen in the attempt.

The Mormons are here also, and, as elsewhere, a pest, so far as they have any influence. A whole ship load came out from New York some time since, under the direction of one Brannin, the present proprietor of the California Star, published at San Francisco. They were given to understand that this land was theirs, had a flag prepared, &c., &c., but to their great mortification, the stars and stripes were floating in the breeze. Their arms, of which they had an abundance, had to be lain by, and they had to go to work like other people.

The climate of California is salubrious and healthy. The year is divided into the dry and rainy seasons, and the weather is but little colder in the winter or rainy season, than in the summer; to-day the thermometer stands in my state room at 63 degrees, and nowhere along this part of the coast, can you do without winter clothing at any time. Indeed, at San Francisco, it blew almost a gale of wind every day we were there; so that we were disposed almost to regard it as the starting point whence all gales and winds originate.

Back from the coast, some thirty or forty miles, the climate is delightful, and on the Salinas plains, the valley of San Jose, or San Juan, the climate is almost like Spain or Italy, where scenes of loveliness are unsurpassed. This is a land of fruitful vales, verdant hills, "out of whose mountains thou mayest dig brass," as well as dry summers, rainy winters, inhospitable mountains, and great moral destitution; and is destined ere long to be filled up with an enterprising population from our own shores.

It is true the mountains of California are taller by some thousands of feet than even the Rocky Mountains, but there is sleepless, restless enterprise to climb them. I have seen delicate women who have grown hardy, and small children who have grown bigger, and consumptive men who have become robust by the operation. It is true some have perished in the attempt, but there has been but little diminution of ardor on that account.

There is an English school in San Francisco in a tent, and directly in front of the gambling house I have spoken of, there is a house for a public school in course of erection, but it will take time, toil, and sacrifice, before much can be accomplished for the mental and moral condition of the country. Webster's spelling-book sells for a dollar apiece and very few at that.

BITTING HORSES. To giving the bit its most powerful action, it should be placed so low as only just to clear the tusks in a horse's mouth, and to be one inch above the corner tooth in a mare's mouth. The curb chain should be so tight as not to admit of more than one finger between it and the chin. These rules are simple, and should be attended to by all riders, ladies as well as gentlemen, for no groom knows (cares?) how to bit a horse; and a horseman should no more mount with his bit improperly placed, than a seaman set sail with his rudder out of order.

[Hints on Horsemanship.

...ye Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

AUGUSTA. THURSDAY, JAN. 6, 1848.

PROSPECTUS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

VOLUME XVI—1848.

The MAINE FARMER has now been before the public for fifteen years. Its design, the objects it has in view, and the mode by which it endeavors to accomplish these objects, are now well understood by the people; and it gives us pleasure to acknowledge that they are coming up to its aid and assistance very encouragingly. The publisher feels a satisfaction in announcing that the next volume will commence under more favorable auspices than any of the preceding, and in accordance with his established rule, he proposes to exert himself to improve and embellish it with useful matter, in proportion to the support that the public give him. He has therefore been at considerable pains and expense to procure engravings, for the purpose of illustrating many of the subjects which will be treated of in the forthcoming volume.

Among the variety thus obtained, it will give the friends of the FARMER pleasure to learn that he has made arrangements with C. N. BENNET, Esq., of Albany, N. Y., for the publication, in our columns, of his excellent treatise on "Hydraulics for Farmers," to be accompanied with the plates or drawings of recently improved machinery for raising water to suitable places in the farm yard, for the use of his stock, or into the house, for family convenience. The information thus given will be new to most of our readers, and be worth the subscription to the volume that contains it. By liberally expending a portion of his receipts, for the purpose of facilitating the dissemination of useful knowledge, he hopes to deserve a continuance of patronage from his old subscribers, and a large accession of new ones. To those who are not familiarly acquainted with the FARMER, he would briefly state, that the paper is one of the largest class, confined principally to diffusing knowledge on agricultural and mechanical subjects, interspersed with the general news of the day, and such literary matter as shall be interesting to the young, and convey correct sentiments and good morals. It meddles with no party or sectarian quarrels, but devotes itself to zealously propagating a knowledge of the penceful arts in a peaceful way; desirous of continuing what it was designed and ever aimed to be, a medium of communication among the Farmers and Mechanics of Maine—an aid to the development of the natural resources of the State—a promoter of the prosperity of the country, and love and good will between man and man, an earnest advocate and defender of the productive classes, the practical arts and practical duties of life.

Terms.—One dollar and seventy-five cents per annum, if paid in advance; two dollars, if paid within the year; two dollars and fifty cents, if payment is delayed beyond the year.

☞ANY person who will obtain six good subscribers, shall be entitled to a copy for one year.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR.

In accordance with custom, we wish every body A HAPPY NEW YEAR! Ay, every body: friends and foes—rich and poor—the gentle and churlish—the wise and the foolish—a happy new year to you, one and all. But do you really wish to have it so? Then resolve in your own hearts to have it so, and gird up the loins of your perseverance and courage to put that resolution through to the end. Without you do this, the wishes of your friends are mere empty expressions of their good will, and can do about as much toward bringing forth that desirable result, as the same amount of air put into any other expression. But if you really set about the business of being happy, and of deserving to be happy, there is a great chance of your accomplishing it. We are aware that there are many fortuitous circumstances happening to us all. We are aware that sickness and death and divers misfortunes come upon us unbidden, undesired, and unlooked for. But what then? It depends very much upon yourselves to what degree these shall take away your happiness. Happiness is in the mind; and if that be rightly balanced and disciplined, it will meet all these things with a spirit that shall retain the mastery, and while it acknowledges the evils which it has to encounter, nevertheless rises superior to their pressure, and triumphs over them. In wishing you all a happy new year, we in fact wish you to *make yourselves happy*, and not sit down, with your thumbs in your mouths, waiting for happiness "to come and take you," and blubbering because you think she will not do it. The first step to bring her along to us all, is to control our desires; limit them to a reasonable compass: and the next is to desire something definite and of a useful character. After we have done this, let us lay down some judicious mode of accomplishing it; and then *stick to it*. In doing this, we should study ourselves first. If it be possible, get introduced to ourselves, and find out what our own characters are—what we are best fitted for—what our besetting sin is, for, we dare say, we have at least one, if not a dozen. Ferret them out, and give them leave of absence—kick them right straight out, without even a notice to quit. Don't let us be too curious about our neighbor's faults and foibles, for, no doubt, if we once fairly become acquainted with our own, we shall find enough for one man to take care of without dividing his care and attention to the watching of others. Perhaps we shall find among the company of darling failings that nestle about the heart, a very comfortable old fellow, called Indolence. He is a very loving old chap, and oftentimes sticks closer than a brother. He is a great hand for pulling wool over one's eyes, and blinding him to every thing that pertains to his own good, but at the same time leaves a little squint hole by which he can look askance and see all that is going on around him. If we find ourselves harboring this chap, out with the old lubber, and cast him adrift. And the very best way to keep him out is to make a friend of Industry, who will suggest something useful to do all the time; and we have observed that there is something about the atmosphere of a man who keeps employed, that frightens Indolence clear off the coast, and leaves great room for better company.

Another insidious loafer in the company of Indolence, is Ignorance. He is a self-conceited, stubborn old elf, that holds on with great power. He is a great liar, and quite a flatterer. He'll make us all believe we are "*unco wise*," and every body else fools.—Look out for him, or he will cover us all over with a blanket of darkness, thicker and more palpable than that which shrouded Egypt in the days of its trial. If we catch him lurking about the premises, let us clear him out. charge call to our aid two patient, quiet will finally, viz: Study and Observation, that and rid us of him into his own darkness, sooner and the lo... dangerous company. The less shall we be tro... we employ these, the although he is always in d... with Ignorance; times trips up our heels ere w... re aware of his presence.

There is another villain oftentimes b... owing in the same nest with those just mentioned, sometimes called Selfishness. He is "a case," and the way he will "come it over us" with his wily arts and "*soft sawder*," is "a caution" to mortals. He will tie us, body and soul, all up into a knot, and at the same time make us believe that we are the best and the greatest of all the earth. He will persuade us that we are indeed the most liberal, most generous, and best looking of any body in the world, while he is in fact transforming us into shoats of the coarsest bristle. Away with him—cut his acquaintance in short order, by calling in his sworn enemy, a noble-hearted, meek-eyed, philanthropic character, called Brotherly Love. He is a real lion tamer, and will break and render docile all the "wild ass colts" of the passions, without whip or spur.

How is it, Brother Pilgrims—shall we make this a happy new year to us, or not?

THE LYCEUM.

The lecture of Bishop Burgess before the Augusta Lyceum, on Thursday evening last, is every where spoken of *in* the highest terms of praise. The subject was the "Origin of the English language." The lecture room (State-st. Chapel) was filled to overflowing.

It would be useless to attempt to give an epitome of this lecture, as it embraced so wide a field, and the subject had been so severely condensed by the lecturer that an attempt at abridgment would inevitably prove a failure. And the lecture was so interwoven one portion with another, and forming such a perfect whole, that it would be impossible to do the speaker justice by attempting to give detached portions of it. It shew evidences of great elaboration and erudition.

Bishop Burgess' style is rigidly chaste. His manner of delivery is dignified and forcible, while it is at the same time natural, easy and pleasing. He enchains the attention of his hearers with the purity of his language and the chastity of his eloquence, without any apparent effort, or even consciousness of doing so.

Our State has received a most valuable acquisition in consequence of Bishop Burgess' acceptance of the Episcopate of Maine. He brings with him a reputation for usefulness in secular affairs, as well as in his ministerial office. We do not know that we can better close this notice than by copying the following lines, "*On the departure of Bishop Burgess to the Episcopate of Maine*," from the gifted pen of Mrs. SIGOURNEY, published in a Hartford, Ct., paper, since Bishop B. has taken up his residence in our sister town of Gardiner:

Pastor and friend, whose voice from year to year
With lore of heaven, the listening ear hath mov'd;
Whose pure example, brightening still and clear,
Gave beauty to the path thy words approv'd:
Alike by youth and reverend age belov'd,
In vain, alas!—thy fostering smile we seek;
To distant fields of sacred toil remov'd,
We miss thy guiding hand, and o'er the cheek
Steal the heart's living pearls, as of thy loss we speak.

For thou wert with us, when our souls were tried
By the sore ills that throng this pilgrim way;
And like a brother bow'd thee at our side
When pain and sickness mark'd us for their prey,
Or dearest hopes sank down in dark decay;
How rose thy tones, as if an angel pray'd,
When forth the spirit pass'd from failing clay;
Or with the mourner-train, in funeral shade,
Where sadly, dust to dust, the holy dead were laid.

The sheep of other folds—thy kindness knew,—
The wandering lambs that own'd no shepherd's care,
The erring outcast, shrinking from the view,
The poor, in cell all desolate and bare,
The homeless stranger, in his deep despair;
No cold pretension; oft from learning bred,
No pharisaic pride constrain'd thy prayer;
And ever did'st thou strive with patient tread
To seek and save the lost, for whom thy Saviour bled.

Not in full force our heavy loss we felt,
Tho' parting grief its opening depths reveal'd,
Till in the sacred House of God we knelt,
Its chant sublime, the tuneful organ peal'd,
Their solemn vows, the priest and people seal'd,
High o'er the pulpit gleam'd, in coloring rare,
The ascending form of Him,* our hope and shield.—
Lone in its chancel stood the prelate's chair;
Fair rose the marble front,—but ah! thou wert not there.

Say, did'st thou know, all lowly as thou art,
Prone of thyself such slight account to make,
How strong the ties that from so many a heart
Twin'd round thy spirit for thy Master's sake,
Childhood's blanched lip, that trembled as it spake,
And white-haired age, that shunned the parting look,
While from dark hut and courtly hall did break
Such sound of weeping that thy manhood shook,
Could'st thou have known it all, and yet our love forsook?

Hence, selfish thought, and hide thee in the dust!
Shall our own separate good, absorb our care?
And ne'er another's gain, or joyful trust
Give ardor to our gratulating prayer?
Christ's family alike his favor share,
And ill should we within His blessed fold
Deserve a place, if haughtily we dare
To gloat exulting o'er a garner'd gold,
Nor heed a sister-flock, that roam the mountains cold.

Yet oh, forget us not! though far away
'Neath happier skies, thy hallow'd course be run,
Think of our vales, where sleeps the autumnal ray,
Our placid river, sparkling in the sun,
Haunts, where thy laurels from the muse were won,
Hearths, where fond memories of thy friendship twine,
Hearts, whose best hopes beneath thy care begun,
Shall hoard thine image, even till life's decline,
Still let thy prayers be ours, our grateful blessings thine.

*Alluding to a picture of the Transfiguration, over the pulpit, in Christ Church, Hartford, Conn., where the present Bishop of Maine officiated as pastor for thirteen years.

DR. TAPPAN'S LECTURE before the Lyceum on Monday evening was of a very practical and useful nature. He chose "Reading" for his subject. Not "reading for the sake of reading," but for the purpose of acquiring practical information from the teachings of those who are not merely theorists but practical, thinking writers upon the subjects of which they profess to treat. He would not discard *all* "light reading," but it should only be used as a pastime by which to relax or rest the mental organs, when wearied by the study of graver subjects. Among other things he recommended the study of political matters, not in a party sense, but the science of government—of political economy. His lecture was replete with sound sense, and its practical teachings cannot but exert a favorable influence upon the young men, and women too, of our village. The house was well filled and the speaker was listened to with marked attention.

NOT SO. A certain moralist says that the wife who would properly discharge her duties, must never have a soul "above buttons." Not so. The larger the soul the better the wife. The moralist who holds to the above, hasn't a soul bigger than a button.

MORE GOOD STOCK. The Michigan and Central Railroad company have declared a dividend of eight per cent. This, it is said, amounts to ten per cent. on the actual cost of each share.

SPANISH PAPER. A paper published in the Spanish language, is soon to be started in New York city.

TORNADO. They have had a severe tornado in Tuscaloosa, Greene and Perry counties in Alabama. It swept every thing before it, and killed many people, among whom was the sheriff of Perry county.

HARD TRUTHS NOT SLANDER. The late Judge Hubbard announced and applied the principle that a person who pursues an illegal business, cannot recover damages in a court of law for a libel upon him in respect to his conduct in such vocation.

COMMERCE OF THE LAKES. The commerce of the lakes during 1846 was nearly double what it was five years previously. In 1846 it amounted to very nearly sixty-two millions of dollars.

SANDWICH ISLANDS. The imports to the Sandwich Islands for 1846 amounted to more than half a million of dollars. More than ... of this was from the United States.

GREA... USH. According to authentic data not less than ... quarter of a million of people have left the old ...orld to seek a better home in the new.

DEATH OF MR. FAIRFIELD.

We announced last week the sudden demise of Hon. John Fairfield, our late worthy Senator in Congress. At that time no particulars of his death had been received. The Washington correspondent of the Boston Atlas, under date of Friday evening, the 24th ultimo, writes as follows:

"You will have heard, ere this reaches you, of the sudden and unexpected death of the Hon. John Fairfield, U. S. Senator from Maine. He died about 8 o'clock this evening. I saw him in the Senate yesterday, in his usual health, and now he is a corpse. As might have been expected, a result so unexpected, has created a deep sensation in this city. I understand that he has been for some time laboring under an affection called dropsy in the knee, which caused him to walk lame, and which gave him considerable pain.

This forenoon he had a surgical operation performed on his knee; an incision was made and an infusion of caustic, to dry up the water, was put in the incision. This brought on great pain, and so acute that it caused his death. During the last two hours of his life he suffered dreadfully. About 8 o'clock as I stated above, he died.

Senator Fairfield was highly respected here, and was considered a man of fine talents and of a good heart. He was a self made man, and in early life was employed as a common sailor on board coasting vessels. He afterwards commenced the study, and followed the practice of the law; was elected to Congress from his own district, and while in Congress was elected Governor of Maine; from thence he was transferred to the Senate of the United States in which branch of the National Legislature, at the time of his death, he held the responsible post of Chairman of the Committee on Naval affairs.

I understand that during the last Congress he had an operation performed, similar to the one which caused his death, from which he received much benefit."

The correspondent of the New York Evening Post, says:

"Soon after the puncture was made in his knee, constitutional irritation supervened, and the invalid soon died under the spasms of lockjaw."

The correspondent of the Express, under date of Sunday, the 26th ult., writes:

"There is much speculation in regard to the death of Mr. Fairfield, and a *post mortem* examination does not remove the cause of inquiry. Dr. Magruder, who performed the operation, was a man of established reputation and of large practice. Some are disposed, however, to reflect upon him for what perhaps would have proved the same result in the hands of any other person.

Some of the physicians at the East, I have heard, advised, a year since, Mr. Fairfield not to go through the operation. He was differently advised here, and was so operated upon as to derive great relief at the time.—The cure, however, was not thorough or lasting, and at his own request a deeper incision was made, in the hope of securing a more thorough cure.

It is stated that there was put an infusion of the sulphate of copper in the wound, and that severe pains followed, increasing in dark decay to the time of his death. There was hardly time for thought between the operation upon the limb and the dissolution of life.

A funeral discourse was delivered by Rev. Mr. Allen, at whose church Mr. Fairfield was a communicant. His age was stated to be fifty years and a few months. His prominent public services were four years in the House of Representatives, four years in the Senate, and four years in the Executive chair of his own State, with previous service at home for nearly as many years."

The remains of Senator Fairfield reached Saco on Thursday noon and the funeral ceremonies took place on Saturday afternoon.

THE FLOOD AT THE WEST. A correspondent of the Traveller, writing from Cincinnati under date of Dec. 22d, states that the flood had passed away—that the water rose to within eight inches of the high water mark of 1832, being some fifty feet above low water mark—that the loss of life has been considerable—that seventeen persons, some forty miles above that city, belonging to a "community association," were gathered together in their principal building for safety, when it fell and buried them all in its ruins—that the poor are beginning to inhabit again their cold, wet houses, and the result must be a great amount of sickness—that the flood of 1832 was followed by the cholera—and that such a flood is a good preparation for pestilence. He farther writes the amount of snow and rain which had fallen there in the last six weeks was unaccountable—that snow to the depth of two feet had fallen, an amount almost unprecedented in that region—that thousands of families in the lower part of the city were obliged to leave their houses in the midst of a driving snow storm, but that they were kindly cared for by the less unfortunate.

HEALTH INSURANCE OFFICES. This is a new species of insurance. If a person pays to the Massachusetts Health Insurance Office (supposing him to be in fair health and of good habits) nine dollars per year, he will be entitled to eight dollars per week while unfitted, by accident or disease, for performing his usual labor. We believe this is the only office where health insurance can be obtained for a term of years, other offices only insuring for one year at a time.

OPPOSED TO WHITNEY'S ROAD. While the great mass of the people, and the Legislatures of most of the States, are in favor of giving Whitney a chance to build a railroad to Oregon, Gov. Bebb, of Ohio, comes out in opposition to it. His reason is, that it will make Whitney and his heirs too rich.

SPEAKING LOFT. Our congressmen have concluded to erect a "tribune," *on to* which, or *into* which those who want to make a speech for *Bunkum* or otherwise, must place themselves. If that will have any tendency to check the talk, it is well. They have also adopted the one hour rule.

NOT LARGE ENOUGH. The Advertiser says that the Portland harbor is so full of vessels that there isn't room enough to beat up into the upper harbor. Some of them had better beat off into the lower harbor, and see if there is room enough in the Atlantic. If not we will have the Bay of Funday annexed.

ONLY TEN MILLIONS. According to Amasa Walker's letter, the liabilities of the Boston capitalists for new railroads, only amount to *ten millions* of dollars.

VERY DARK, INDEED. It was so dark in Cincinnati on the 12th ult., that a man could not see his hand *behind* him, nor his neighbor's face two yards before him.

STRETCHING ON. The United States will get pretty well wired together—at any rate it is getting *wiry*, there being now telegraphic wires in connection with New York amounting to three thousand miles.

PORTLAND ADVERTISER. This old veteran has a new Editor, and comes out on new year's day with a new dress. It puts the political licks in like a martyr.

NEW WAY TO ADJOURN A LEGISLATURE. The small pox broke out among the legislators of Indiana, and they adjourned. There was no way of indefinitely postponing the pestilence so they *dissolved* themselves.

LETTER FROM MEXICO.

We have in our posession a letter from a Maine soldier,—D. Wheeler, son of Daniel Wheeler of West Waterville,—dated at the city of Mexico, Oct. 25th. It does not contain much news of general interest which has not already appeared. We give a few extracts below.

This gallant young man is attached to the 2d company of Duncan's flying artillery, and has been in every important battle except one (Buena Vista) since the commencement of hostilities. Speaking of the battle of Churubusco he says: "Our Division commenced the attack at Churubusco. After we drove them [the Mexicans] from their first embankment, they retreated to their fort and other fortifications. Then commenced the most tremendous fire of musketry and artillery I ever witnessed, which continued for two hours. In the first fort were fifty of our deserters and Mexicans. Our battery opened on the church inside of the fort. The white flag was three times hoisted by the Mexicans, and three times pulled down by our deserters, who have since paid the penalty by their lives."

Our young friend Wheeler has had several hair-breadth escapes, and it will be pleasing to his many connections and friends in this county and in Somerset, to learn that he has been spared the sad fate which many of his companions have met. Speaking of one of the battles near the city of Mexico, he says: "After the armistice was broken, our Division commenced action on the morning of the 10th, which was as bloody a fight for fifteen hundred of us, as has been fought. Fifteen hundred engaged with ten thousand under embankments and trenches! We got on to them before a shot was fired. Then the musket balls flew thicker than hail. Soon as the action commenced, the lancers made a move to the left, where our men were. Our battery opened on them, and sent them in all directions. In this day's fight, I had two horses shot. One ball passed through my valise, and another struck my breast, and glanced off. It did not wound me much more than the starting of the blood."

This letter was addressed to his brother Amos, who resides in Sidney, and of course was not intended for the public eye.

PROFITABLE PORK. Our friend, Lauriston Guild, of Sidney, is rejoicing in a full pork tub. He has recently killed a two years old porker that weighed while alive 571 lbs., and after being slaughtered and dressed 536 lbs., making only 35 lbs. loss or offal. In addition to this, he sold during this year $50 worth of pigs from her, and the year before over $55 worth, $105 in all. It belonged to the white Berkshire breed—the sire of which was imported a few years ago from England.

WHERE IS THAT SNOW? Up to the time when this paper goes to press the weather is as mild and as pleasant as a lady. There is not a particle of snow to be seen. Sunday last was a warm rainy day. The frost came out of the ground in the roads and the traveling was very heavy and muddy. This is a real Northern winter with Southern principles, and we Up Easters are puzzled to "get the hang on't" any how.

DON'T EAT TOO MUCH. The celebrated Abernethey once remarked to a friend:—"I tell you honestly what I think is the whole cause of the complicated maladies of the human frame; it is their gormandizing, and stuffing, and stimulating the digestive organs to excess; thereby creating irritation. The state of our minds is another cause—the fidgetting and discontenting themselves about what cannot be helped—passions of all kinds; —malignant passions, and worldly cares pressing on the mind, disturb the central action, and do a great deal of harm."

SCIENCE AND STARVATION. Science feeds the mind, but often the body is starving at the same time. Prof. Mitchell, one of the best astronomers in the nation has been connected with the astronomical institution at Cincinnati for the last six years—but received no pay. He is now lecturing in different cities for the purpose of obtaining bread for himself and children.

BLOWN UP. A young lad was playing with gun-powder, of which he had several pounds, in the attic of a large building in Lowell, used as a bakery by Mr. Scripture. The roof was blown off, and the walls shattered, and the boy was shockingly mangled, but alive.

GREAT FOLKS. Great folks are oftentimes the meanest and smallest in the world. Dr. Baird says the present Pope is a man of fine talents, and the best Pope that Rome has had for years—the Queen of England, is proud and smart—and the Kings of Hanover, Holland, Bavaria and Naples are, wicked, licentious and vicious.

VERY POLITE. Newburyport and Salem have been reciprocating compliments to each other by the new telegraph recently completed between them.

ARMY WOMEN. According to official documents there are twenty-three hundred women in the American army in Mexico. Solomon says "a loud scolding woman shall be sought to drive the enemy away." Wouldn't it be cheaper to set those to scolding, and thus drive the enemy away. They would make a terrible racket.

CALLING HOME THE EXILES. A letter writer in Florence says that the Pope designs to call home all the distinguished persons who have been exiled from Italy on account of political opinions. There are many very worthy Italian exiles in this country, who will probably be recalled.

VALUABLE PAPERS FOUND. Mons. Vattemare has discovered some valuable documents in New York. A bundle of papers was handed him in the Secretary's office to wrap up works presented to him by the State, which he examined. Among them was the charter of Trinity Church, in New York city, from Queen Anne, the loss of which, we believe, has occasioned considerable trouble.

BIG BUILDINGS. Uncle Sam builds some large houses. The old gentleman's new Custom House in New Orleans will cover over 90,000 feet, which is more than 30,000 feet larger than the Capitol at Washington.

HALE'S ROCKETS. It seems that our government have purchased the patent right of using a rocket invented by one Hale, of England. It is to be used in war. Its peculiarity is that it has the directive force within itself, and the clumsy stick which is used in the Congreve rocket is dispensed with.

EMANCIPATION. The legislature of French Guiana have come to the conclusion to emancipate their slaves. An indemnification is to be given them by the home government.

THE MOON—AGAIN.

Prof. Nichol's fifth astronomical lecture in Boston, was on the constitution of the moon and its relations to geological inquiries. We copy the Traveller's report:

"The surface of the moon presented numerous mountainous elevations, some of which rose to the height of 18,000 or 20,000 feet; but there was little resemblance between these and the mountains on the earth's surface. In the first place they were not found in parallel ranges, as were the mountains on the surface of our globe. This proved conclusively that they were not produced by the same upheaving, central forces, as produced our mountains. In the second place, they were not in their structure like the mountains of the earth, but consisted of immense crater-like formations, having lofty circular walls around them, often rock formation, with deep and unfathomable pits or abysses within. Ascending one of the loftiest of these by a gradual rise from the surrounding plain, you would find yourself, not on a summit, from which you could look off upon a plain similar to that which you had left behind you, but on the edge of an immense crater or pit, surrounded on all sides by unbroken walls some 25 or 50 miles in diameter, and descending, with nearly perpendicular, sides, to the depth of from 13,000 to 17,000 feet. These inward walls were sometimes broken by terrace-like formations, descending towards the centre; and from the bottom, sometimes rose internal mountains of considerable elevation. The peculiarity of these formations was ascertained by examining them by means of the light thrown into them from the sun when the craters or pits were in a favorable position to receive this light; and thus too the immense depth of the pits was approximated to; though some of them were so deep that the sun's rays never reached their bottoms.

Now, it was manifest, that these remarkable formations were not effected by the same meteorological agencies which were at work on our globe; viz. the action of water, frost, &c.; else these mountains would present, in some instances, appearances similar to what we saw on the earth's surface: the round walls of the pits would be here and there broken down, the pits filled up in part, and the collected waters which they would of necessity contain, would have found their way out in the form of streams, as is here and there seen, on a small scale, on the surface of the earth. But nothing of this kind was anywhere visible among the mountains of the moon; proving conclusively, that an entirely different class of agencies were there at work from any that we are familiar with.

Then again, the peculiar formation of these mountains showed that they were not produced by the same kind of agents as occasioned our mountains. Ours were evidently formed by some immense, though slowly moving force, deeply seated in the central parts of the globe, and extending in its action over a vast territory, even thousands of miles at the same time. It was by such an agency that the immense parallel ranges of mountains stretching across an entire continent, were formed. But the mountains of the moon must, from their peculiar structure, have been produced by a force acting nearer the surface of the moon: a force resembling a sudden explosion from a limited surface, like that which was often seen on the surface of a thick boiling mass—of pudding for instance. The pent-up gasses produced little blisters on the surface, which exploded with mimic violence as the temperature of the mass was raised.

If the question should be raised: what becomes of the masses thrown out of these immense craters? The first supposition might be, that these would fall back, in part at least, into the craters themselves. But the lecturer suggested that the impetus with which these masses were thrown up, might be sufficient to carry them, sometimes at least, beyond the comparatively feeble attractive power of the moon; and that, coming within the attraction of other planets, they might be precipitated on their surfaces; and that in this way, possibly, we might account for the meteoric stones, which often fell on the surface of our own globe.

The lecturer dwelt at considerable length on the peculiar ray-like lines of light which were seen to diverge in all directions from the principal craters of the mountains of the moon. These had been supposed to be streams of lava; but this theory was exploded by the observed fact, that these rays run in all directions from the craters—over hills, down the sides of adjacent craters, across their bottoms and up the opposite sides. The most probable supposition then was, that these rays were veins in the moon's crust, opened by the explosive power which produced the vast craters, and filled with the volcanic or other material which was projected up from the source of the rupturing power, much as we found the rocks on our own globe veined with other rocks, which, in a fluid state, had been forced into crevices or cracks produced by the volcanic action which had rent the earth's surface and reared the vast mountains which are everywhere to be found.

The Professor suggested, in conclusion, that the meteorological changes which the moon was now undergoing, might be the preparatory steps towards rendering that satellite inhabitable by intelligent, reasoning beings, which now it was not; and if so, it furnished us with one link in the great chain of agencies by which God was carrying on and perfecting his visible works in the Universe."

THE BARQUE WINTHROP. This fine vessel turns out to be a first rate craft. We knew she wouldn't dishonor her name, while Capt. Ellis was on board. She made the passage from Bath to Galveston in fifteen days, took in freight and returned from G. to New York in twelve days. If you can beat that, let's see you do it.

MONEY FOR THE CHURCH. The association for the propagation of the Catholic faith have sent to America the past year $16,000.

DAGUERREOTYPING THE SUN. Professor Nichol thinks that the daguerreotype process will be used advantageously for giving accurate pictures of the changes that the sun undergoes from time to time.

WRETCHEDNESS. Lord Sydenham writes from Canada West that not less than seventeen thousand emigrants have died from disease, occasioned by being sent over, in a state of destitution and disease, from the mother country, thus making the Provinces a lazar house to the relief of the English and Irish landholders.

TALL GRAFT. Mr. James Randal of Vassalboro', informs us that he set a graft of an apple tree last spring which has grown, during the season, *five feet and ten inches*.

LUMBER IN MAINE. The Bangor Courier of the 18th instant says:

"We learn there is no snow in the lumber regions in this State, and that on the upper waters of the Penobscot at least seventy teams with their complements of men are entirely idle and unable even to reach their camping grounds. It is now past the middle of December, about a month later than the teams usually commence their operations. This delay, together with the less number of teams engaged will cause a diminution of the quantity of lumber in the market next season, and must result in an increase in the price of such lumber as does come into the market."

We learn from the Rochester papers that more than one hundred letters, destined for Canada, are detained in the post office, at Rochester, and cannot be sent on until the postage is paid.

A Miss Beecher, who went to the west to convert the Catholics, under the patronage of Gov. Slade, of Vermont, has become a Catholic, and is about to enter the convent of Notre Dame, says the Pilot.

LATE FROM MEXICO.

The Philadelphia North American of the 28th, contains letters from the Mexican correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, dated the 19th of November, which detail some important items of news from Mexico.

ARMY ARRESTS. The rumored arrest of Generals Worth and Pillow and of Col. Duncan, is confirmed. Duncan having avowed himself the author of a letter sent to the United States and published first in the Pittsburgh Post, which had been most severely censured by Gen. Scott in a General Order, was immediately arrested. Gen. Worth, it is said, was arrested for contempt towards the General in Chief. The ground of Gen. Pillow's arrest is said to have been this: Gen. Pillow took exceptions to the finding of a court of inquiry, which had been approved by Gen. Scott, and addressed a paper relating to the matter to the Secretary of War, through the commander-in-chief, preserving a copy, which he avowed *he had sent*, or would send, *directly to the Secretary at Washington*. This transaction was judged to be a contempt, and for it Gen. Pillow was arrested.

Santa Anna and his Partizans appear to be doing what they can to disturb the Government at Queretaro. It was rumoured that his partizans had received instructions to withdraw from Congress, in order to compel that body to adjourn for want of a quorum. The President, Anaya, having been informed of their plan, announced his intention to arrest them and compel their attendance. Santa Anna and his party are represented as favoring the vigorous prosecution of the war.

FROM TAMPICO. A decree of the State of Tamaulipas denounces Gen. Don Jose Urrea, for having committed "all sorts of excesses against the persons and property of citizens"; requires that he withdraw from the territory of the State; and that the armed force he commanded remain under the orders of their respective chiefs, in such places as the Governor shall designate, until the resolution of the Supreme Government of the Union shall be known. It also demands that Urrea be tried for his crimes.

REVOLT AT CHIAPAS. Something like a revolt has taken place at Chiapas, for the purpose, it is said, of annexing that state to Central America. This is not the first time that a revolution has been threatened in Chiapas. She was formerly one of the States of Central America, was included within the territory of Mexico when the latter declared her independence, and many of the inhabitants appear to entertain affectionate remembrance of her former relation and a desire to return to them.

REVOLUTION AT OAJACA. There has been a successful revolution at Oajaca. The object of it was to put down the present State Government and reinstate the one put out in February last. After six or seven hours, fighting, the authorities yielded to the insurgents, surrendered the Government into their hands, and tranquility was restored.

EMEUTE AT GUANAJUATO. There has been an *emeute* of a serious nature in Guanajuato. In the village of Silaso, on the 7th, the troops of Gov. Arrellano arrested two priests who were endeavoring to get up a *pronunciamento* in favor of placing Gen. Bustamente at the head of the army, of continuing the war until the invaders were exterminated, and of declaring any man a traitor who should entertain any proposition of peace with the United States. The people resisted the arrest and a fight ensued, which resulted in six of the citizens being killed and fifteen or sixteen wounded. The soldiers finally succeeded in bringing the priests, tied, into Guanajuato. The people were in a great state of excitement, and cries of "Death to the Governor," were heard on all sides.

MEXICAN CONGRESS. A correspondent of El Monitor, writing from Queretaro, says that the greater part of the Governors of the different States were present at the seat of government, and that, with one exception, (the Governor of San Luis) they were unanimous in favor of peace. The sessions were soon to commence, and President Anaya proposes that no line of policy on the subject should be followed except such as the States suggest, in order to get at once at the national will. Gen. Bustamente has been nominated by the Supreme Government General-in-chief of the army of reserve, and Commandant General of the State. His predecessor, Gutierrez, is the second in command, and Cortizar next.

The Monitor of the 16th of November further says:—Three propositions have been passed to a first reading in Congress; the first, that in the event of the city of Queretaro being threatened with an invasion by the American army, the Congress shall be removed to the city of Aguascalientes; second, that the government shall listen to no propositions of peace, so long as the invading forces do not evacuate the national territory which they occupy, and cease to blockade the ports of the Republic: third, the same Government, under its strictest responsibility, shall dictate such measures and projects as will be sufficient on its part to carry on the war.

AFFAIRS AT THE CAPITOL. A letter from the city of Mexico, dated the 10th of November, says:

To-day Capt. Sanderson, of the mounted rifle, discovered the whole apparatus and machinery which had been used in casting cannon near Molino del Rey. They have been sought after a great deal, and their discovery reflects a great deal of credit on the gallant captain.

This afternoon, about five o'clock, a greaser was whipped in the plaza. He had attempted to kill one of our soldiers, and was sentenced to receive one hundred lashes—twenty-five on every Monday for a month. Nearly ten thousand Mexicans were in the plaza, and as soon as the whipping commenced they began to throw stones. About a dozen of our dragoons, however, charged upon the mob, when they dispersed in all directions. The greaser was then whipped and taken back to the guard-house. There were one or two rows last night, which resulted in the death of one or two soldiers and some thirteen or fourteen Mexicans.

MEXICAN PRISONERS. The correspondence between Gen. Scott and the Archbishop of Mexico, on the subject of the release of the Mexican prisoners is very interesting. The latter asks the favor of their liberation on the ground that their families are suffering in consequence of their confinement. He says the affection and respect which Gen. Scott has always shown to the holy church, of which he is the head in this city, emboldens him to make this request, and instances the liberation of the French prisoners by Abdel Kader through the mediation of the Archbishop of Argel.

The general replied at some length; citing the cases of the prisoners taked at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo, who were liberated on their parole, and had afterwards taken up arms against the Americans; that while at Puebla he asked the liberation of the American prisoners taken on the Rio Grande, who were to be exchanged by an agreement between Santa Anna and Gen. Taylor, but that an evasive reply having been returned, another communication was sent on the 29th of July, the only response to which was found in the palace, after Gen. Scott had entered the city, folded, sealed and directed to him under date of August. General Scott concludes by saying, that if the archbishop will have the goodness to appoint some dignitary of the church to visit these men, and to explain to them that prisoners of war under their parole, are always shot if found fighting against the same beligerent before being duly exchanged; and that if this dignitary gives also a solemn admonition of the church against the violation of their oaths, he will give them their liberty under his sacred authority.

The archbishop, in a subsequent personal interview with the commander-in-chief, cited to him the decree of the Mexican Government, which prohibited all Mexicans from giving their parole not to fight against the Americans, and the responsibility which he would incur if the Supreme government should disapprove the step, and thus the matter stands at present.

MAZATLAN AND GUAYMAS. Letters from Tampico to the 7th of December, convey information that the ports of Mazatlan and Guaymas are in the possession of the American naval forces. The following is from the American Star:

By late advices we learn that on the 20th ult., *Guaymas* surrendered to the naval force under Lavallette, commanding the naval force of the United States, and the port is now in possession of the Americans. The frigates under his command were the Portsmouth and the Congress, which fired upon the place for about an hour.

The terms to which the place was subjected are very much like those granted in other places occupied by our forces. W. A. Robinson had been appointed collector of the customs, and the duties were as follows: "The duties of importation, until otherwise ordered, will be five per cent. per ton, and ten per cent. ad valorem, the value in port to be determined by persons appointed for that purpose."

A DARING FEAT.

"On the 13th of August last, a few days before the battle of Churubusco, Lt. Schuyler Hamilton (son of John C. Hamilton of New York, grandson of General Alexander Hamilton, and great-grandson of General Schuyler,) who is attached to General Scott's staff as aid-de-camp, was sent with an escort of less than forty dragoons, to make a reconnoisance as to a position which General Scott thought of occupying. While passing through a narrow dell, a body of about the same number of mounted Mexicans were seen to occupy it, but fled on the approach of the Americans. Lieutenant Hamilton examined the position, and on his return to headquarters at Ayotha, saw stationed in the same pass, a body, amounting to one hundred and sixty Mexicans. Seeing there was no alternative, he resolved to cut his way through this superior force; and the necessary disposition being made, the order to charge was given. Hamilton immediately dashed forward, but not being instantly sustained by his escort, he was environed by the enemy. His only safety was in the most desperate resolution. The first direct attack was by a thrust of a lance, which he parried wounding his adversary with his sabre. A second foe assailed him, when, raising his sabre, young Hamilton cut him through the skull, killing him on the spot. A third now ran his lance into his back, under his shoulder blade, piercing his lungs. Notwithstanding this serious wound, Hamilton turned, and having approached so near that the foam of his horse fell on the crupper of his enemy's saddle, he drew his pistol and shot him through, so that he fell a corpse to the ground. A fourth then approached, when Hamilton aimed at him with his remaining pistol, which missed fire; nothing daunted, he dashed the pistol at him and advanced with his sabre. Meanwhile, the escort having rallied, made a gallant attack upon the enemy, when his antagonist fled.

Hamilton then rode several hundred yards to where a body of American infantry was stationed, when he fell from his horse, supposed to be mortally wounded. He was immediately conveyed to General Worth's headquarters at Chalco, and was subsequently carried, for three days, upon a litter, as the army advanced to St. Angel. We are happy to learn, by a letter from an officer of the rifles, who gives an account of this gallant exploit, that this young soldier was then in the capital, nearly recovered from his wound."

AN ELEPHANT BROKE LOOSE—HIS ANTICS. An elephant at the Zoological Institute, in this city, this afternoon, became greatly enraged, when he attacked and nearly killed his keeper, named William Kelly. He then broke open several cages containing wild beasts, and set them at liberty. He then proceeded to kill several monkeys, whom he despatched in a hurry. There was great excitement and alarm among the people. After a considerable trouble he was finally mastered and secured. [Philadelphia paper.

SHIPWRECK. A letter from Galveston, dated 12th inst. states that the brig Alphage, of Boston, from Pensacola, arrived off G.

The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, The Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

CONGRESSIONAL COMPEND.

MONDAY, Dec. 27.

SENATE. Mr. Bradbury, of Maine, announced the death of the Hon. John Fairfield, and delivered a very affecting eulogy upon his life and character.

Mr. Niles, of Connecticut, followed in some very eloquent remarks on the character of the deceased, his public services, and offered the usual resolutions.

The funeral will take place to-morrow noon, and a committee of arrangements were appointed by the Senate.

HOUSE. Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, offered a resolution inquiring into the expediency of employing additional clerks in the Pension Office.

Before any action was had, a message was received from the Senate giving information of the death of the Hon. John Fairfield.

The eulogy upon his character was pronounced by Mr. Hammond, of Maine, and the usual resolutions were passed.

The House voted to attend the funeral to-morrow.

TUESDAY, Dec. 28.

SENATE. Mr. Niles, from the Funeral Committee, reported the order of arrangements made, with the concurrence of the relatives, for the funeral of the late Senator Fairfield. Resolutions accompanying the report were adopted—that the Vice President and Senate, with the Speaker of the House of Representatives, would join the procession—that the Chaplain of the Senate preach the funeral discourse on Sunday at the Capitol; and that the usual appropriation for a public funeral be placed in the hands of Mr. Clark, representative from Maine, to defray the expenses of conveying the body to its final resting place. The *resolutions* having been unanimously adopted, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE. Mr. Hunt, of New York, gave notice of his intention to introduce resolutions of thanks to Gen. Scott and his officers and army. Mr. Sawyer, of Ohio, offered a resolution to regulate the trade of the whites with the Indians.

Mr. Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, offered a petition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and moved its reference to the committee on the District. Mr. Cabell, of Florida, obtained the floor hereupon, and descanted at length upon the importance of adhering to the compromises of the constitution—when, on motion of Mr. Williams, of Maine, the House adjourned to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Fairfield.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 29.

SENATE. The Vice President presented a report from the Secretary of the Navy, relating to the expenditure of contingent appropriations.

Mr. Cass, from committee on military affairs reported a bill to provide for the further prosecution of the war, and a bill relative to volunteers.

Mr. Atherton reported to the house a bill to provide for the deficiency in the subsistence appropriation, which was read a third time and passed.

HOUSE. Mr. Charles E. Stuart, of Michigan, announced the decease of Mr. Edward Bradley, who was elected to the present Congress from that State; but died several months since, and Mr. Stuart was chosen to fill the vacancy. The House thereupon adjourned.

THURSDAY, Dec. 30.

SENATE. Mr. Breese announced the resignation of Mr. Cass as a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution. The Vice President is authorized to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson's resolution was adopted, calling for the number of volunteers received into the service since the beginning of the war, number of deaths, number killed, &c.

The bill to purchase the Madison Papers was passed —23 to 13.

Mr. Cass moved the postponement of prior orders to take up the bill to increase the army. Mr. Calhoun opposed the motion, and desired the discussion of his resolutions before the Senate proceeded to action on this bill.

Mr. Cass thought the discussion of the resolutions could have no practical effect on the passage of the bill. It was important to the country to have the army increased without delay.

Mr. Clayton and Mr. Berrien desired the postponement, though not opposed to granting supplies. The latter thought the resolutions of Mr. Calhoun had an important bearing on the amount of supplies to be granted.

Mr. Allen strenuously opposed delay.

Mr. Hale pronounced the war essentially wrong in its origin and progress. He insisted that the desire to promote slavery was the real cause of the war.

After further debate the motion prevailed, 19 to 19, the Vice President giving the casting vote. The bill was then taken up and read, soon after which the Senate went into executive session and adjourned to Monday.

HOUSE. Mr. Tuck presented three anti-slavery memorials from Philadelphia. The first was referred to the Judiciary Committee, and the others laid on the table.

Mr. Gayle moved a reconsideration of the reference of the first memorial—the motion lies over under the rules.

Mr. Stephens' resolution instructing the committee on printing to inform the House when the annual message of the President is expected from the printers, and whether any action of this House is necessary to expedite the public printing, was adopted.

After a lengthy debate relative to the transmission of the great southern mail, the House adjourned to Monday.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE.

The Cincinnati correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, under date of the 30th ult., gives the following particulars of a dreadful steamboat accident:

"The steamer A. N. Johnson, bound from Cincinnati to Wheeling, with one hundred and sixty passengers, burst her boilers yesterday, near Maysville. Nearly seventy persons were killed, and a large number severely scalded, thirty of whom are so horribly injured that their recovery was considered doubtful.

So rapid was the progress of the flames and the explosion, and so complete the devastation, that hardly an effort could be made for self-preservation. The boat was soon in one sheet of fire and burned to the water's edge.

The number of passengers on board the A. N. Johnson, when this appalling accident occurred, was one hundred and sixty, not more than one-quarter of whom escaped injury. So dreadful an accident has rarely, if ever, occurred on the Ohio.

The list of the killed and wounded is as yet of course very incomplete, and as in most cases of the kind, there were probably many individuals on board whose names will be ever unknown.

The occurrence has occasioned great excitement and deep sympathy here. Persons in the vicinity of the disaster did all in human power to relieve the sufferers, but nearly every effort was fruitless."

NEW ROAD. A joint metting of the County Commissioners of Oxford and Kennebec was held in Wayne nearly all of last week, to hear an application by R. B. Dunn, and others, for a county road from Hillman's Ferry, in East Livermore, through North Wayne, by the Scythe Factory, to East Winthrop, on its way to Hallowell and Augusta. After a hearing of three or four days, lawyers and witnesses being engaged on both sides, the petition was granted, and the road has been laid out. It is believed that this will be the most direct and least hilly road from the Kennebec to Oxford, via Livermore. We presume the decision of the Commissioners will be appealed from. [Banner.

COLLISION AT SEA—THREE LIVES LOST. The schooner Effort, Capt. Bartlett, from Philadelphia for Newburyport, was run into off the Isle of Shoals, on Friday last, at night, by the schooner Bellona, Allen, from Sedgwick, Me. Two of the crew of the Effort succeeded in getting on board the Bellona, but Captain Bartlett, the mate, Mr. Gideon Hickman, and the cook, John Maker, disappeared with the Effort, which sunk in a few minutes after the collision. The Effort was a good vessel, of 87 tons, and was insured at the Neptune office in this city. Her cargo, coal, was insured at Philadelphia. [Boston Mail.

PERSEVERANCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES. Mr. Wyck, of Indiana, informed the House, that when he first addressed that body during the 29th Congress, (before the hour rule was passed) he had sat perseveringly, if not patiently, for twenty-nine days, at the end of each hour making his best effort to obtain the floor.

The vacancy, created by the death of Mr. Fairfield, it developes on the Governor to fill. The language of the constitution of the United States, in this respect is—"If vacancies by resignation or otherwise occurr [in the U. S. Senate] during the recess of the Legislature of any State, the Executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the Legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies."

A letter in the New Orleans Delta, says that Mexican commissioners have been in the capital endeavoring to conclude a treaty with Mr. Trist. Mr. T. did not leave Mexico by the train which left on the 9th ult.

The Lewiston Falls Journal advises farmers to be prudent of their wood, as all experience has shown that the increase of railroads enhances the value of wood lots by increasing the demand for the price of wood.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

The Committee, appointed by the recent Convention of School Committees for Kennebec County, to report a uniform list of text books for the public schools in said county, having examined a great variety of books designed for schools, have selected the following as in their opinion best adapted to promote the education of youth in a thorough, systematic, and practical manner.

READING BOOKS. 1. Towns' Child's First Reader—revised edition. 2. Leavitt's Second Book, or Easy Lessons. 3. Worcester's Third Book. 4. Goldsbury and Russell's American School Reader.

SPELLING. Fowle's Common School Speller.

DEFINING, &c. Worcester's Elementary and Comprehensive Dictionaries.

ARITHMETIC. 1. Fowle's Child's Arithmetic.—2. Colburn's First Lessons. 3. Greenlief's National Arithmetic.

GRAMMAR. Weld's, and Wells'.

GEOGRAPHY. Mitchell's and Olney's.

For those schools who are sufficiently advanced to pursue additional studies, the following books are recommended.

Russell's Lessons in Enunciation, Northend's Common School Book Keeping, Sherwin's Common School Algebra, Cutter's Common School Physiology, Shurtleff's Governmental Instructor, Town's Analysis of the English Language, Goodrich's History of the United States, (new and enlarged edition for 1847,) with Emerson's Questions, Johnston's Natural Philosophy, Johnston's Turner's Chemistry, Burritt's Geography of the Heavens, Olmsted's School Astronomy, Fitz's Common School Song Book.

In making a selection of books, the Committee have not been reduced to a choice of evils, but have had the liberty to range among a large number of very excellent productions. They do not condemn a book as bad because they reject it; they adopt another because it seems, on the whole, better suited to the end in view. It was found, on inquiry, that five grammars, six geographies, and seven arithmetics were used in the County.

The Convention, under whose instructions we act, voted, with but a single dissenting voice, that "Uniformity was desirable." The advantages of such a measure may be briefly stated thus: It will diminish the number of classes in a school, which is so often such a perplexity to the teacher, and incumbrance on all progress; it will lessen the expense of school books; children removing from one town or one district to another, can use their old books; teachers educated in the country will be supplied with such books as they teach, and not be obliged to have recourse to their scholars; such teachers will instruct from books in which they have learned, and with which they are familiar.

Yet, absolute uniformity is not expected. An approximation to this is all that can be looked for. To carry out the design of the Convention, it is necessary that the several local School Committees co-operate. Yet even with these may exist a diversity of sentiment which we shall in vain attempt wholly to reconcile.—Still it is hoped that, in course of time, something like unanimity may come to prevail. The Committee do not recommend a sudden and violent change; they propose, in cases where new classes are formed, or new books are wanted, that the list reported above be followed; thus the old books will be quietly withdrawn, and the uniform series introduced.

In respect to *Reading*, the Committee notice an almost universal fault—that of hurrying scholars into books and pieces utterly above their comprehension.—Smaller books and simpler pieces are requisite. The Committee feel also that more attention should be given to the *training of the voices* of the scholars, and less to the amount of their reading. They recommend, therefore, particular and increasing attention to the elementary exercises—such as may be found in Worcester's Third Book, and in Goldsbury & Russell's Common School Reader. The Committee advise that *principal* use be made of the Third Book, above named, and that no higher book be put into the hands of scholars, until, by age or proficiency, they are found to be fairly square with it. They think also that four books are enough to form habits of good reading from, and that six or seven, to which some series are carried, are unnecessary and expensive. It is expected that the Bible will furnish devotional reading, as it has hitherto done.

In the department of *Spelling*, the Committee would observe that this is an art which can only be acquired by *dint of application*. A spelling book that shall comprise a judicious selection of the various classes of words in our language, unconfused with other matter, is what is needed. It is recommended that spelling may form one of the constant studies of all classes in the schools, the highest as well as the lowest. Scholars may profitably be required, frequently, to write the words given out to spell.

To the further knowledge of *Geography*, the committee recommend that Outline Maps be provided for each school by its respective district. They would suggest to teachers also the propriety of instructing the scholars to draw maps on the black-board.

Of *English Grammars*, the committee recommend Weld's for common use, on account of its peculiarly excellent method of instruction. Wells' is valuable for its scientific character, and its reference to authorities. It may be profitably consulted by teachers, and advanced scholars. No grammar for young children is recommended.

In respect to *Writing*, the commitee advise that copy-slips be purchased by the district; that these slips be pasted on stiff paper, and kept for the use of the schools. These copies will secure a neat and good chirographic model, and prevent the evil of a frequent change of hand; nor will a teacher, who is a poor penman, be able to inflict his faults upon his scholars. If, however, a teacher is perfectly competent in this department, and prefers so to do, he may be allowed to set his own copies.

The committee would urge the necessity of a greater supply of *Dictionaries*. There ought to be in every school, one at least to all the scholars of the same family. The Elementary Dictionary, on the above list, is the cheapest; the Comprehensive is the fullest. Reference to the Dictionary should be frequent and unwearied, in every lesson, every recitation. It would be well also if some larger Dictionary still were in possession of the district for the use of the school.

The Committee have not designed to render *Arithmetic* "easy." They believe that this science can worthily be acquired only by patient study. They have recommended a Child's book which may be of use in infant schools, and a means of keeping the little children busy in all schools. After a *thorough* study of Colburn's First Lessons, pupils will be prepared to use Greenlief's Arithmetic with advantage.

The Committee are strongly in favor of the introduction of *Singing* in schools.

Without giving regular lessons in *Drawing*, the ingenious teacher can impart even to very young children some notion of the elements of the art, by means of the black-board. In the Summer and other small schools, something of this sort would aid the teacher in keeping the children usefully employed.

In submitting this report to the public, the Committee would not be supposed to preclude the prospect of improvement. Whenever a book of decided merits shall be offered for our suffrages, it will be in place to consider the propriety of its introduction. The present, however, seems to be a favorable moment for adopting some system to which we may adhere, until, in progress of time, another change shall be inevitable.

ALEX'R BURGESS,
SYLVESTER JUDD,
H. K. BAKER,
DAVID THURSTON,
J. P. WESTON.

Dec. 28th, 1847.

Martha C. Hall, late of Portland, bequeathed all her property to the First Parish of that city, (Dr. Nichols') the income to be appropriated, under the direction of the pastor and trustees of the Charity Fund of said church, to promote the cause of religion, charity and good morals. The amount of the gift is about $5500.

CATCH HIM. The Sheriff of Waldo county offers a reward of $100 for the delivery at the jail in Belfast, or the State Prison at Thomaston, of James Hall, under sentence to the latter for five years. "Said Hall is about forty-five years old, dark hair and dark complexion, short and stout built," and has broken out of half the jails in the State.

NOMINATIONS CONFIRMED. The Senate has confirmed the nomination of the Hon. John W. Davis, late Speaker of the House, as Commissioner to China, to take the place vacated by the death of the Hon. Alexander H. Everett; also that of Col. Rowan, of Ky., to Naples, to take the place of Col. Polk; also, of Dr. Niles, to Sardinia.

LARGE PIG. Mr. Samuel Milliken of this town, slaughtered a pig last Tuesday, which weighed three hundred and nineteen pounds. The pig was but seven months old. Who has killed a larger one of the age?
[Saco Democrat.

RESPONSIBLE. Mrs. Henrietta Glenn has received damages to the amount of $2000 of Walker Graham, the proprietor of a stage line, in the U. S. Circuit Court for Western Pennsylvania, for injuries she sustained by being upset by one of Graham's stages.

"Mr. Timothy," said a learned lady, who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer, that is filled with *nothing* in the upper story."

"Divine Almira," meekly replied her adorer, "in thanking you for this flattering compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story entirely."

Professor Ingraham, says the Hallowell Gazette, has not yet taken holy orders, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but is now a student of theology, and candidate for holy orders under Bishop Otey, in the diocese of Tennessee.

MACHINE ADDRESS
OF THE CARRIER BOY
OF THE MAINE FARMER,
JANUARY 1, 1848.

SCENE.—*Maine Farmer Office near midnight of the last night of the last year. P. D's in their shirt sleeves. Turk, a smooth, crop-eared Terrier, with his tail dirk in, gnawing a bone under the table. Boss making up the form. William directing papers, and Bill popping the form. Enter Old Time—almost tuckered out, with his glass nearly run out, and his wings drooping—Turk sets up a hullabaloo, and nips his heel.*

JERE. Git out, Turk! Pray what's the flurry, Ah, Father Time! don't be in a hurry. Put down your glass, and fold your wings, And let us chat of earthly things; You sure can tell us all about Of what has happened on your route.

TIME. I'faith, young man, it's over true, I long have trundled this world through Its yearly course, and kept you all Revolving with this earthly ball. Nor would it seem so mighty strange, If now and then I'd seen a change Come o'er this little tiny world, Which I have many years have whirled; But faith, I'm getting rather tired, And oftentimes am really fired With hopes of, ere long, being able, To leave this restless confounded Babel, And, resting from my tedious labors, Enjoy myself with friends and neighbors.

JERE. Good! Old Hoss! we like to hear it, And as you have a social spirit, We bid you welcome to our office, In printing, sure you are no novice.

TIME. Ah, really boy! in troth I'm not, For I remember well the spot Where Faust began his types to make, Which since have kept me wide awake; For, if I had not ta'en good care, You would outstrip me every year. You printers, are the very devil For conjuring up all sorts of evil. Sometimes you give the news before I possibly can make it sure; And then again, behind, you tread, And contradict all I have said, And, as I cannot leave my track To make you take your scandal back, I have to suffer all your spite Till I come round and set you right. But what new fangled thing is here? With springs and wheels, and togle gear, With pulley, crank and inky roller— Of *all* machines, I've seen none droller.

JERE. Aha! Old crafty, stirring elf! You're surely now behind yourself, But as you oft are somewhat jolly, And love to indulge a little folly, We'll tell you what this great machine is, That so astonishes the *greenies*. It is, good sir, no more nor less, Than our great steam printing press, By which you very soon will find out We all our rhymes and poems grind out.

TIME. Ah, well. Indeed! I'm glad to see it— And since I've stopped a while to spree it Between the Old Year and the New, I'd like to see what it can do. Come, oil the gudgeons of the band on, Bend to the crank a first rate hand on, And make it buzz like all creation, And give us a first rate operation.

JERE. Well, here she goes. Brace away, there. Old Father Time wants to be tickled a little, while he smokes a whiff or two, before starting the New Year. Turn away, Robert—— No, no, no, Robert is dead,—poor fellow. Bill, put the index on the slow plaintive. Let's remember our old friend kindly.

A Dirge for Robert.

Robert, farewell! No more thy active hand
The busy wheel will turn in usual round;
No more you'll join the Printer's social band,
Nor e'er again your form at press be found.

Stern Death! thy type of life, hath to the fount
From whence it came, each character returned;
Thy spirit to its God hath given account
Of all its deeds, while it on earth sojourned.

Tho' fortune smiled not on thy humble birth,
Thro' patient toil thy wants were all supplied;
We mourn thy loss—for long with honest worth
And cheerful heart, thy strength came to our aid.

But fare thee well! And may the living God
Before whose throne the tribes of earth must stand,
Guide and direct us all to that abode
Where sorrow cometh not, nor griefs abound.

JERE. That will do. Hold on, Larrabee.

WILLIAM. There's another one gone, too. One has got married, you know: hadn't you better give a dirge for her.

JERE. Dirge!—old bachelor! What do you mean? No sir—we'll give her an epithalamium—first rate one, too. Bill, put the index up to the lively sentimental.

BILL. There it is, sir. Go ahead with your epithalam-it-on. Turn away, Larrabee.

A Glee for Jerusha.

Jerusha! Jerusha! all joy to thy heart—
May the wings of kind angels be over thee spread,
May the light of their smiles from thee never depart,
And their halo of mercy encircle thy head.

Oh, green be the paths you're destined to roam
Thro' life's checkered fields; and lovely the bowers
Where you love to repose, and fragrant your home,
O'ershadowed with roses and blooming with flowers.

'Mid the duties of life, may love, with his lantern,
Illumine your course, with its dazzling hue,
Till the wise and the good your virtues shall pattern,
And the world learn to prize and practice them too.

Jerusha! Jerusha! all joy to thy heart—
May the wings of kind angels be over thee spread,
May the light of their smiles from thee never depart,
And their halo of mercy encircle thy head.

JERE. That'll do. Hold on, Larrabee. So much for getting married, William. Go thou and do likewise. Now for a New Year's Address. Turn away.

O come, remember the Carrier boy
Who brings you the news of the day,
He's given you pleasure, now give him joy,
For *he* has labored hard this pay.

Stop!—stop!—stop! I could canter a "John Donkey" better than that. Bill, shift the index down to the easy colloquial.

BILL. There it is, sir—all ready for your sneezy molloquial. Git out, Turk!

JERE. Turn away, Larrabee. Old Time has most finished his pipe, and begins to wriggle his wings—he'll be off soon. Now for the

Address.

Again the glorious orb above,
Emblem of constancy and love,
Hath rolled the year round to its end,
And, like a true and faithful friend,
Another brings all fresh and bright,
And decks it out with glorious light,
That we poor worldlings, yet may have
A chance to strive for what we crave.
But this will hie away as fast
As has the one so quickly past,
A fleeting messenger to God,
Bearing our deeds—an anxious load.
Tho' short the year, yet hath it seen
Full many an incident I ween,
That never can, while earth shall last,
Out of its history be erased.
Oh could we from the darkness bring,
Of every deed its secret spring,
And spread it forth to mortal eyes,
Well might it kindle deep surprise.
Deeds that short sighted men applaud
Are often unapproved by God;
And what men sometimes deeply scorn,
By Deity, is smiled upon.
But as the heart we cannot read,
In which the motive deep lies hid,
We give you all the facts as they
Come teeming forth from day to day.
We've told you of the arts of peace,
How, by their use, we wealth increase,
And happiness spread o'er the earth
Where'er the people know their worth.

We've told you too, how Erin's isle
Hath suffered every earthly ill
That pestilence and famine bring
Careering in their dismal train;
And how, with generous impulse fired,
Each heart swell'd high, with love inspired,
And gave their bread to Erin's sons,
To snatch from death her famished ones.

We've told you how, o'er all our land,
Plenty was sent by Heaven's hand;
How blest has been the farmer's toil,
Who ploughed the land and tilled the soil.
Of railroads, too, we've given account,
And how, by lightning, news is sent;
And how New England's sons have gone
To settle distant Oregon.
Each week we've given the market prices,
From distant marts the last advices;
Congress debates—and cattle shows;
How party spirit ebbs and flows;
How fruits are raised,—how crops come in,
And what the brokers ask for "tin."
In other words,—the price of stocks
Among the shavers and Shylocks,
Whose trade it is to lie in wait
And *skin* all those who are in a *strait*.

And now kind friends, with heart sincere
We wish you, through the coming year—
Nay—through all your future days,
All sorts of joy and happiness.
May health and comfort, love and peace,
And heavenly blessings never cease
To freely fall—till death shall come
And lead you gently to the tomb,
From whence your souls, of earth disrobed,
Shall wing their way on high to God.

QUICK WORK. The wonder working operations of the telegraph is thus noticed in the Albany Evening Journal: "We had occasion yesterday to telegraph a friend whom we believed to be in Philadelphia. The communication was left in the office in this city, about 10 o'clock—sent to New York, where it was received copied, and carried to Jersey City, where it was forwarded to Philadelphia. The peron addressed was hunted for and reported at Carlyle, *within thirty miles of St. Louis!* The lightning was again called into requisition, the communication forwarded, the person found, and an answer received at 12 o'clock! Thus was a message, under these disadvantageous circumstaces, transmitted 2,500 miles in two hours! Verily, after all, this telegraph arrangement is, as they say out West, "some pumpkins."

Selden Brainard, convicted of forgery in New York, has been sentenced by the Court of Sessions, to five years imprisonment in the State Prison.

MARKETS.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

ASHES, per 100 lbs.		PROVISIONS,	
Pot,	4 @ 6	Pork, round hogs,	
BEANS,		Do.	7 @ 8½
White,	1 00 @ 1 25	Clear salt do.	11 @ 12½
Pea,	1 25 @ 1 50	Beef, ox,	5 00 @ 5 50
FLOUR,	7 50 @ 8 25	do. cow,	3 50 @ 4 50
GRAIN,		Butter,	15 @ 18
Corn,	90 @ 95	Lard,	11 @ 12
Oats,	40 @ 42	Cheese,	7 @ 9
Wheat,	1 10 @ 1 25	Mutton,	3 @ 4
Rye,	1 15 @ 1 25	Chickens,	7 @ 8
Barley,	50 @ 60	Geese,	4 @ 5
Peas, field,	1 00 @ 1 05	Eggs,	15 @ 17
HAY, loose,	7 50 @ 10 00	Apples, dried,	0 @ 6
SEED,		do. cooking,	25 @ 40
Clover,	0 @ 9	do. winter,	00 @ 0 00
Flax seed,	1 00 @ 1 00	Potatoes,	45 @ 60
H. Grass,	3 00 @	MEAL,	
Red top,	50 @ 1 00	Indian,	@ 1 00
PLASTER PARIS,		Rye,	00 @ 1 25
Per ton,	6 00 @ 6 00	WOOL,	
LIME,		Fleece,	25 @ 30
Thomaston, new ins.		Pulled,	22 @ 26
	90 @ 90	Woolskins,	30 @ 50

BOSTON MARKET, January 3.

FLOUR.—Genesee, common brands, is quick at $6,50; Ohio and Michigan, $6,37½ @ $6,50, cash.

GRAIN.—Sales of yellow flat at 81 @ 83c; round yellow at 82c; white and western, mixed, 78 @ 80c. Northern oats, 52c; Eastern do, 49c, cash.

HAY.—Country Hay, per 100 lbs., 85 @ 95c; Screwed Hay, per cargo and ton, $15,50 @ $15,00; at retail, per hundred, 85 @ 90c.

WOOL.—American full blood - - - - 42 @ 42½
" ¾ - - - - 35 @ 37½
" ½ - - - - 35 @ 37½
" ¼ - - - - 30 @ 32
Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ℔ lb - - 48 @ 50
Smyrna, washed, - - - - - - 18 @ 21
unwashed, - - - - - - 10 @ 14
Buenos Ayres, - - - - - - 06 @ 15
Pulled wool, Northern superfine Lambs' - - 38 @ 39
No. 1, Lambs' - - - - - 33 @ 34
No. 2, - - - - - - 20 @ 23
No. 3, - - - - - - 09 @ 12

BRIGHTON MARKET, Dec. 27.

At Market, 550 Beef Cattle, 160 Stores, 7560 Sheep, and 160 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—We make our quotations to conform to sales—extra $6,95 @ $7,00; first quality $6,75; second $6,25 @ $6,00; third $4,50 @ 4,75.

STORES.—Two years old, $12 @ $20; three years old, $24 @ $39.

SHEEP.—Sales quick at $1,00, $1,55, $1,90 and $2,00.

SWINE.—Old hogs 5½c; ordinary 5c; Shoats to peddle 4½c; several small lots to close, 4½. At retail from 5½ to 7c.

℣ *A Blessing to Mothers and their Children!*—Such may *Sherman's Worm Lozenges* be truly called, for they have saved thousands of children from an untimely grave and caused the mother's heart to leap for joy, when she had given up all hope for the recovery of her offspring.—And when it is remembered that worms destroy thousands of children annually, and the cause is never suspected; and when it is known that these Lozenges are a sure and certain specific, destroying them and invariably bringing them away, surely the heart of every parent will be filled with joy at the announcement of such a blessing. And not only are the Dr's preparations for worms good, but his *Cough Lozenges* have succeeded in removing and curing the most inveterate cases of cough, and even consumption, when hope had been given fight, and despair was pictured on the countenances of friends around. We are acquainted with numerous cases of wonderful cures performed, and would refer the inquirer to Dr. Sherman's pamphlet of cures. The *Camphor Lozenges* cure headache in five minutes, and relieve all palpitations, nervous complaints and cramps; and the *Poor Man's Plaster* is without doubt the very best strengthening plaster in the world. We would recommend all who are afflicted, to try the Dr's preparations, knowing that they will not be disappointed in their expectations.

Sold in *Augusta* by J. E. LADD; *Hallowell*, H. J. Selden; *Gardiner*, A. T. Perkins; *Winthrop*, Stanley & Prince, and by one agent in every Town in New England. 1y29

NOTICE

Is hereby given to the members of the Kennebec Teachers' Association, that a Convention of said Association will be holden at Augusta, on Thursday, Jan. 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. As the Convention will be in session two days, all Teachers in the county, male and female, are earnestly and respectfully invited to be present, and participate in its deliberations. By order of the committee.

C. R. MCFADDEN, Sec'y.

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

In this town, at St. Mark's Church, by Rev. A. Burgess, Mr. GEORGE B. MOULTON of Gardiner, to Miss MARY BARBER of Pittston.

In this town, by Rev. Dr. Gillett, Mr. GIDEON GILMAN to Miss HARRIET K. SAWYER.

In Vassalboro', by the Rev. B. F. Shaw, Mr. ALFRED COLBURN of this town, to Miss MARIA ANN, daughter of Jacob Southwick, Esq. [A *bouncing* slice of the loaf made us all as glad as a happy new year—and may many a year add *something* to the happiness of the loving couple, and a good old age see their love transmitted to a joyous and useful posterity.]

In Hallowell, Mr. WILSON HERSEY of Weymouth, Mass., to Miss NANCY M. HASKELL.

In Dresden, Mr. CLARKE BENNER of Gardiner, to Miss JULIA A. THEOBALD.

In Guilford, Mr DAVID PARKER of Corinth, to Miss LYDIA O. MARTIN.

In Thomaston, Mr. JOHN W BURNS to Miss EUNICE S POST; Mr. OLIVER J. CONANT to Miss NANCY P. AMES.

In Brewer, Mr. LUTHER C. SARGENT to Miss MARY ANN FOSS.

In Bangor, Mr. WM. C. BANKS of Ellsworth, to Miss ELIZA C. HILL.

In Gardiner, Mr. HERRICK HUNTINGTON to Miss MARY J. BOOKER; Mr. LEWIS E. BAILEY to Mrs. JULIA A. FENNEL.

In Farmington, Mr. BENJ. CHICK of Madrid, to Miss VAIELETTA TRACY.

In Athens, Mr. ELIAS J. HALE of Foxcroft, to Miss ANN R. BIXBY.

In Guilford, Mr. H. O. BURLEIGH of Foxcroft, to Miss SARAH C. LORING.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In this town, RUTH MATHEWS, aged 67.
In Gardiner, 25th ult., ROBERT EDGECOMB, aged 75.
In Hallowell, SAMUEL GREELEY, aged 73.
In Newcastle, Capt. J. L. KENNEY, aged 44.
Drowned, on the passage from Belfast to Ellsworth, JEREMIAH SADLER, mate of brig Dahlia, aged 28.
In Gardiner, SAMUEL REED, aged 60.
In Whitefield, THANKFUL TOBEY, aged 90; SARAH JANE B. HEATH, aged 24.
In Belfast, GEORGE GREELEY, aged 28.
Drowned, in Bath, BENJAMIN HINKLEY, son of E. H. Hinkley, aged 15.
In Bristol, FRANCES S. FOSTER, daughter of Thos. Foster, aged 22.
In Vassalboro,' HORATIO A. STARKEY, late of Bath, aged 35.
In Wiscasset, REBECCA PARKER, aged 84.
In Gorham, ELIJAH HAYES, Esq., aged 42.
In Paris, ABIEZER ANDREWS, aged 77.
In Parsonsfield, GEORGE KEZAR, aged 36.
In Nobleboro, ELISHA H. GLIDDEN, aged 23.
In Norway, JOHN PARSONS, aged 82.
In Eastport, JOHN HOLMES, aged 33.
In North Yarmouth, MARY ANN DOTEN, aged 23.
In Farmington, STEPHEN TITCOMB, aged 95.

COMMITTEE ON CROPS.

THE Committee of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society on Crops, are hereby notified that a Meeting will be held at the Office of the Maine Farmer, on Saturday, Jan. 8th, 1848. Competitors for premiums will bring in their specimens and statements for examination.

Dec. 21, 1847. *Per order.*

AUGUSTA CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

THE WINTER TERM of this School will commence on Monday, January 17th, under the direction of G. J. MEANS. Instruction will be given in the usual English and Classical Studies. The School is open to pupils of both sexes. TUITION—$5,00. 1

ANDROSCOGGIN AND KENNEBEC RAIL ROAD.

NOTICE is hereby given that further assessments of five per cent each, on the amount of stock of each and every stockholder in the Androscoggin and Kennebec Rail Road Company, have been ordered by the President and Directors of said Company, and that the said assessments will be due and payable to the Treasurer of the Company, at his office in Waterville, as follows, to wit:

The SIXTH assessment on the first day of February next.
The SEVENTH assessment on the first day of March next.
The EIGHTH assessment on the first day of April next.
The NINTH assessment on the first day of May next.

EDWIN NOYES, *Treas. A. & K. R. R. Co.*
December 27th, 1847. 18w1

GREAT RAIL ROAD MEETING AT FARMINGTON.

THE Corporators and their Associates, of the Franklin and Kennebec Rail Road, are hereby notified that an adjourned meeting of the Franklin and Kennebec Rail Road Company will be held at the Court House, in Farmington, on Tuesday, January 18, 1848, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time Mr. Lander, the Engineer, will have completed his survey of the route of said Road, and be ready to report thereon. The citizens of Franklin, Kennebec, and Somerset counties, and all others interested in said Road, are invited to be present. SAMUEL BAKER,
2w1 *Sec'y of F. & K. R. R. Co.*

NEW MACHINE SHOP.
DALY, KENNEDY & COMPANY,

WOULD respectfully give notice that they have taken the Machine Shop formerly occupied by W. WALCOTT, where they manufacture HAND LATHES, TURNING ENGINES, PLANING MACHINES for IRON, SLIDE RESTS, CHUCKS and SCREW TOOLS, including all kinds of Tools used in Machine Shops. Also,

Steam Engines built and Machinery repaired.

N. B. Particular attention will be paid to all kinds of JOB WORK. Shop west end of Kennebec Dam.
Augusta, January 1, 1848. 1

FREEDOM NOTICE.

I HEREBY give notice that I have, for a valuable consideration, given to my son, GEORGE H. CARTER, the remainder of his time until he shall become 21 years of age, and he is from henceforth fully authorized to transact business for himself and in his own name, to receive his earnings for his own use, but in no case to render me liable for his debts, as I shall pay none of his debts hereafter contracted. SAMUEL M. CARTER.

Witness—ALVIN CARTER.
Troy, January 1, 1848. *1

BANK NOTE LIST and COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR for Jan., 1848, for sale by E. FENNO.

WHIG ALMANAC for 1848, for sale by
1 EDWARD FENNO.

BOSTON ALMANAC for 1848, for sale by
1 EDWARD FENNO.

OBSERVE! LAST CHANCE THIS SEASON!

THE GREATEST INDUCEMENTS ever yet offered in BOSTON: GENTLEMEN'S

Clothing and Furnishing Goods.

GREAT EXCITEMENT!—An unprecedented rush at

"OAK HALL!"

Prices of Clothing marked down 25 per cent.

In consequence of the very mild weather of the season, thus far, and the *great quantities of Garments* made up by the undersigned this Fall for WINTER WEAR, it has become necessary that his *Immense Stock of*

GENT'S WINTER CLOTHING

And FURNISHING MATERIALS should be *closed up Immediately*. The following EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS are therefore offered to the public. Read this and call at **OAK HALL!** The spacious Sales Rooms will be thrown open at 9 o'clock A. M., on *Thursday, Dec. 23, 1847*, and the sale will continue till *Tuesday, Feb 1, 1848*. During this period every article of the enormous stock of

GEO. W. SIMMONS' OAK HALL!

Will be *marked down 25 per cent below the very lowest prices now current at this* GREAT CLOTHING MART: This Stock embraces the most Extensive Assortment of **Gentlemen's and Boy's Clothing** ever collected together in any one establishment in this or any other country. Those who want

THICK CLOTHING!

At an ENORMOUS DISCOUNT, will know where to call—for these Goods *must be disposed of*, as I have determined, whatever may be the sacrifice, that this great stock of HEAVY WINTER CLOTHING, now on hand in my establishment, SHALL BE SOLD! Examine the following low PRICES, REDUCED ONE-FOURTH, and bring this advertisement with you. Below is the list:

300 blue Pilot Overcoats, velvet collars, at $6, 8, 10, 18
250 blue Mackinaw Blanket Overcoats, $6, 8, 10
100 Codrington Overcoats and Sacks, $6, 8, 10
500 Fancy Tweed do. do. $3, 4, 5, 6
100 Pilot Jackets, lined with flannel, $3,50, 4, 5, 6
400 French Overcoats, made in Paris, $8, 10, 12
150 Duffle do. and Sacks, $3, 4, 5
650 Satinet do. do. fig'd plain and ribbed, $3, 4,50, 5, 6
50 Camlet (real goat's hair) Wrappers, quilted, $8, 10, 12
325 Tweed Sacks and Overcoats, $3, 4, 5, 6
50 hunting and business Coats of bl'k Velveteen, $2, 3, 4
500 single and d'ble wave Beaver Overcoats, $8, 10, 12, 14
275 brown Sacks, velvet collars and facings &c. $7, 8, 10
150 olive and brown Castor Cloth Overcoats, $6, 8, 10
75 Siberian Beaver Overcoats, gold & silver m'k $10, 12, 14
450 Broadcloth Overcoats, brown, green, bl'k, $12, 14, 15
375 superfine drab Overcoats and Sacks, woolen linings, $5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14
100 Jackets, blue and bl'k Broadcloth, $4, 5, 6,50, 7
100 do. Satinet, a good article, $2, 2,50, 3

The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

The Muse.

THE LAST LEAF.

BY OLIVER WENDALL HOLMES.

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door—
And again,
The pavement stones resound
As he hobbles o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets
And looks at all he meets,
So forlorn,
And he shakes his feeble head
And it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb!

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three cornered hat
And the breeches and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring!
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

The Story-Teller.

SNUFF;

OR, THE LAST PINCH OF THE GAME.

BY CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

"Take a pinch, sir?"

The querist was a hearty old man, with whom time had dealt very leniently, confining his ravages to the silvering of the hair, leaving the ruddy cheeks without a furrow to betray his footsteps. We found ourselves a companion with the old gentleman some years since, in a stage-coach, and rarely have we fallen in with a more agreeable one. He was very communicative; had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes to draw upon; was a keen observer of man and things, and had experienced largely of the vicissitudes of life.

"Take a pinch, sir?" and he tapped the highly burnished lid of his golden snuff box, with the peculiarly graceful tap of a veteran snuff-taker.

"Prime Maccaboy—a choice article!"

"I thank you, sir, I do not use snuff."

"No? Well, some call it a bad habit, but I must confess I have a strong love for it"—and to prove the truth of the assertion, the old gentleman took a beautiful pinch of the tittilating dust. "I love it, sir!"

"So I perceive!"

"You do not understand me, sir; my regard for it springs not merely from its ministering gratification."

I could not repress a smile at the enthusiastic tone in which he spoke of his favorite luxury.

"You smile, sir, when I tell you that to this much abused article *I am indebted for my life*? Yes, sir, I should have been a dead man long ago, had it not been for snuff—and such a death!" said he, in a most emphatic manner.

"You have a good reason, then, for regarding it favorably. What was the nature of the complaint, sir?"

"Wrong again, my dear sir; I never was sick a day in my life—do I look like an ailing man? No sir, though I owe my life to snuff"—here he took a huge pinch—"I am not the least indebted to its medical properties."

"That is singular."

"Not so singular as you may suppose. But you shall hear my story, and judge for yourself."

Setting down cozily in our seats, (we were the only passengers, by the way,) the old gentleman, fondling the richly chased, though somewhat smoothly worn box, and fortifying himself with a capacious thumb-and-finger full of his greatly prized Maccaboy, commenced his story:

"Some thirty years ago, I was travelling in the upper part of Vermont, near the Canada line. It was early in the spring, and I was on horseback. Just at dusk one evening I arrived at a small cabin, in an out of the way place, where I concluded to stop and get something to eat, if possible, for I was sharp set, having travelled a pretty good spell that day. Well; I dismounted at the door, and taking my saddle-bags on my arm entered the house. The appearance of things was not very prepossessing, I assure you. However, I asked the man of the house, a dark browned fellow with a sullen aspect, if he could furnish me with a supper.

He very freely offered to give me what the house afforded, and ere long his wife, a considerable tidy looking woman, invited me to partake of her hospitality.

After I had done ample justice to her really good fare and paid my scot, which the man of the house, at first refused, I made preparation to continue my journey. The man advised me to stay all night, stating that the road was very lonesome, and that a patch of woods through which it run, for eight or nine miles, was infested with wolves. They were very ferocious, he told me, and but a short time ago had attacked a man, who owed his escape solely to the fleetness of his steed. I was perfectly welcome to remain if I chose, as he could accommodate me with a spare bed. He pressed me so strongly, and painted the dangers to which I should be exposed in my journey through the woods, in such vivid colors, that I was more than half disposed to accept his offer.

Stepping out of the door I found the moon had risen, her beams resting on a recent fall of snow, made it nearly as light as day, which served in a great measure to dispel the feelings of gloom which began to creep over me. The atmosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was somewhat in a hurry to reach the next village, I declined the urgent solicitations of the man, which were seconded by his wife, and mounting my horse, I proceeded on my way.

To tell the truth, I did not fancy the appearance of that couple. The man was highly inquisitive about my business—no more perhaps than Yankees generally are—and then there was a cast of his features I did not like. Besides these, he seemed to eye my saddle-bags in a very suspicious manner, and I imagined I detected two or three glances of doubtful meaning exchanged between the man and woman. I am not suspicious in my nature, but hang me if I could shake off the impression that the dangers to be apprehended from the wolves were less than those which I had to fear from passing a night in that house. There had been a number of flying reports of travellers being made way with in such solitary places, and this appeared to me the place of all other for such kind of work. So bidding good bye to my entertainers, I put spurs to my horse and was soon out of sight.

Well, sir, I jogged along at a middling brisk pace, the road being tolerably good, thinking more of the cabin I had just left than the road before me. I may have wronged its inhabitants—I trust I did—in allowing myself to indulge in such unfavorable surmises in regard to them. They might have been the most worthy couple in the world for aught I know, still, I could not get the idea out of my head that they were no better than they should be—and as my memory called up the many instances of lonely travellers being murdered at these stopping places, imagination converted this man and woman into those heartless wretches whose trade is blood, and I shuddered at the thought of the fate that might have overtaken me had I yielded to their importunate request to tarry with them that night.

Right glad was I to be well clear of them. 'Wolves tut,' said I, 'they only tried to excite my apprehensions to induce me to remain with them. That story might do very well to frighten children with, but they should have hatched up something more plausible than that to gull a man like me.'

By this time I had got over the open road and was entering the woods. The path was hemmed in on every side by tall trees, spruce, pine and hemlock with no undergrowth, leaving a narrow passage. However, a full moon threw its unbroken light along the path that stretched before me, save where an overhanging tree obstructed its rays. It was a still, calm night, as I have said, and no sound broke the silence, save the monotonous clatter of the hoofs of my horse, as he went along on an easy trot. I was settling down in a very comfortable frame of mind, indulging in those fanciful reveries natural to youth, and which the quiet and lonely scene around me was so calculated to inspire, when my attention was aroused by a faint, distant cry, coming, as it seemed, from the depth of the forest. I listened intently for a few minutes, and presently a prolonged howl, still faint in the distance, followed. The attention of my horse was evidently attracted by it, for he pricked up his ears and gave a low snort.

Finding, after listening awhile, that the cry was not repeated, I gave no heed to the circumstances, presuming it to be some roving wild creature in the woods. Presently, however, the cry was repeated, and an answering cry appeared in another direction, each of them apparently nearer than the one that attracted my attention first. My horse now began to show evident signs of uneasiness, pricking up his ears and tossing his head wildly from side to side, snorting occasionally and quickening his pace. Again came that howl, still more distinct, and this time it was repeated in different quarters principally in my rear. Turning in my saddle, I saw in the road behind me what appeared to be a dark speck. At first I concluded it was the shadow of the branch of a tree; but presently I detected two or three others which seemed to spring directly from the woods. Could they be wolves? Had the man then deceived me in regard to their attack on a traveller? A feeling of alarm began to creep over me, which was soon painfully increased and all my doubts dissolved, by a fierce yell, which rose in my ear, as if the whole pack had opened upon me.

As these unearthly yells swelled on the night air and echoed through the forest, my poor beast shook in every limb, and a cold shudder run through my frame. I put spurs to my horse, which bounded onward at the utmost stretch of his speed.

Casting a hurried glance behind, the whole road seemed filled with the troop of demons whose ferocious howls swelled louder and louder every moment. To my dismay the distance between us was considerably lessened. What would I not have given at that moment to have been safely back in the cabin again!

Vainly did I deplore my folly in giving no heed to the warning I had received. As yell after yell pealed upon my ears, every moment drawing nearer and nearer, horror for a while overpowered me, and I did nothing but plunge the spurs into the panting sides of my horse, madly shouting to urge him forward. The poor animal, nearly used up by a long day's journey, dashed on at the top of his speed, flinging the froth from his mouth while his neck and flanks were covered with foam; and even at the tremendous rate he was going, at every fresh yell of the fiends I could feel him tremble in every limb. Ah, sir, that was an agonizing moment to me! Collecting my senses, I calculated the distance before me and the possibility of outriding my pursuers. There were some four miles before, and if my jaded horse could but hold out—but that I felt would be impossible. His violent panting and drooping head too plainly told that he was nearly exhausted.

I could now hear the rush of the ferocious troop behind me, and at times imagined I could feel their foul breath upon me. What harrowing thoughts flashed through my brain! I recalled many instances I had read of travellers similarly situated, and of the vain efforts they had made to avert their terrible fate. I tried to disengage my saddle-bags, in the hope that they might for a moment check pursuit by diverting the attention of the wolves, but was unable to do so. I threw my cap in the road for the same purpose, but an angry growl almost at the heels of my horse, told me that it had availed nothing.

I now bethought myself of my pistols.—Hastily cocking one, I turned and deliberately fired at a large black wolf which was within a few feet of me. I kept my eyes in the direction after the discharge. Thank God, the shot took effect, and the nearest animal dropped dead in the road. In a moment the whole pack was upon him—the entire path behind me was piled up with a stack of wolves, each one striving to gorge himself on the fallen wolf. A moment more and they were in full pursuit, their appetites whetted with blood, and each one seemingly striving with more eagerness to outdo the other.

I had prepared my other pistol, and waited to be sure of my shot. With a calmness that I can now hardly account for, I selected the foremost pursuer, and gave him the contents of the second pistol. This time unfortunately, I was not successful; I only wounded him, and I saw the animal limping off into the woods, beside with three or four of the troop, but the remainder came in hot haste after me.

I thought then my moments were numbered, for although we were nearly out of the woods, I could feel the poor beast reel and stagger under me, and every moment I was dreading his fall, in which case I knew my fate would be sealed. A cold clammy sweat stole over me and a prayer involuntarily rose to my lips—for Omnipotence alone I felt could save me.

In the hour of danger, with a dreadful death staring him in the face, man instinctively turns to his Maker for relief. He even who denies the existence of a God, when brought to the fearful verge of life involuntarily acknowledges his error—the last struggle brings a cry for mercy from his lips!

I prayed sir—nor for rescue from the devouring beasts—that I did not look for—but in the near prospects of death I asked for forgiveness. With lightning-like rapidity my thoughts sped through the past—every incident of my life crowded on my mind—the evil done and the good left undone. Busy in these reflections I forgot the perils which surrounded me, and was only called to a sense of my situation by a sharp growl at my side.—Turning my head I observed an unusually large wolf snapping at my legs, while others were leaping at the haunches of my horse.

I well knew that wolves preferred the flesh of man to that of any other animal, and finding myself in this extremity—every hope of escape being cut off—feeling moreover an affection for the beast I bestrode, for he was an old family favorite, I was on the point of springing among the pack, trusting that while engaged in devouring me, the poor horse would get out of harm's way. Believing, too that my case was entirely hopeless, I made up my mind that it would be as well to meet my fate at once.

I grew desperately calm. I even calculated the time I should live after the first attack—how long sensation would continue in my mangled limbs. In fact a kind of delirium seized upon me, my mind wandered strangely, and I have a faint recollection of looking back upon the lean hungry pack, and giving utterance to a loud "ha! ha! ha!" a wild laugh of derision. This was of but a moment's duration, however. At the end of that brief period, a sudden thought struck me—a faint hope struck me. A grocer in the village to which I was bound had commissioned me to purchase a couple of pounds of Scotch snuff (take a pinch, sir?) which I had done up in a paper bundle, in my saddle bags. With trembling hands I took out the bundle—tore open the parcel, and grasping a handful of the subtile powder, I dashed it into the face of the ferocious animal at my side. Without stopping to witness its effect, I turned and threw a cloud of it, by a sort of scattering fire, into the gaping mouths and glaring eyes of those in my rear.

Sir, the effect was beyond my hopes—it was decisive. You should have heard the unearthly howls that arose, as, blinded and maddened with pain, the pack rushed one upon another, snapping and biting at each other in their rage! They were rolling over in their fury, a regular wolf fight, all too much engaged in the battle to heed me. Well, sir, I kept along a piece, and then drew up my horse, who could barely stand upright. He was completely blown, and seeing that all danger was over, I dismounted and led the panting animal by the bridle, smoothing him by the way, for the fearful howls and maddening yells of the infuriated wolves made him shake in every limb. Hurrying along as fast as we were able, in the course of half an hour we reached a house in the out-skirts, where I applied for admittance, which was readily granted me. First seeing my horse taken care of—the poor creature absolutely neighed with delight as I led him into the stable—I detailed to the astonished residents my hair breadth escape. They had heard the howls, and had got their dogs ready for the attack, little dreaming that a human being was exposed to such imminent danger.

CHEESE VS. CANNON SHOT. The greatest ammunition that we have heard of was used by the celebrated Com. Coe, of the Montevidean navy, who in an engagement with Admiral Brown, of the Buenos Ayrean service, fired every shot from his locker.

"What shall we do, sir?" asked his first lieutenant. "We've not a single shot aboard—round, grape, canister and double-headed are all gone."

"Powder gone, eh?" asked Coe.

"No, sir; got lots of that, yet."

"We had a devilish hard cheese—a round Dutch one, for dessert at dinner to day, do you remember it?" said Coe.

"I ought to; I broke the carving knife in trying to cut it, sir."

"Are there any more aboard?"

"About two dozen. We took 'em from a droger."

"Will they go into the eighteen-pounders?"

"By thunder, Commodore, but that's the idea. I'll try 'em," cried the first lieutenant.

And in a few moments the fire of the old Santa Maria, (Coe's ship,) which had ceased entirely, was re-opened, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head. Directly one of them struck his mainmast, and as it did so, shattered and flew in every direction.

"What the devil is that which the enemy are firing?" asked Brown—but nobody could tell.

Directly another one came in thro' a port and killed two men who were standing near him; and then striking the opposite bulwarks, burst into flinders.

"By Jove, this is too much; this is some new fangled paixhan or other; I don't like 'em at all," cried Brown; and then, as four or five more of them came slap through his sails, he gave the order to fill away, and actually backed out of the fight, receiving a parting broadside of Dutch cheeses.

[Spirit of the Times.

TOO MANY STOCKINGS. Widow Quiggles looked over her fence into Mrs. Struggle's yard and discovered five pairs of stockings hanging on the line.

"Du tell," said she, "where on airth did that *other* pair of stockings cum from! and I vow thur just like the rest of 'em. There ain't but four in the family, no heow, and where that ither odd tew come from, een' a most puzzles me. I didn't see no one go in, as I know on—heow on airth could they git in 'thout me seein' on 'em. They couldn't have bought it, 'cause the hull lot on 'em is as poor as pisen. Got 'em gin tew 'em, mabby, but that ain't possible, neither, for they ain't got no rich relations. Well, I du wish one of the gals 'd come out, I'd ask her. Ah! there is Sally. Sally, *dear*, I see you hev been increasin' your wardrobe."

"How so, Mrs. Quiggles?" inquired Sally.

"Why, you hev got an addition of stockings on your line, dear," answered Mrs. Q.

"Oh, yes," said Sally, "I have been knitting a pair for the Parson, ma'am."

"*Indeed!*" said Mrs. Q., turning away in high dudgeon; "the pesky, nasty, good-for-nothin' chit thinks tu begin at the parson's feet and knit upwards to his affections, but I reckon I'll spile that—I'll gin him a hull suit of woolen to kiver his reverence. I know'd them stockings hed no good purpose—know'd it!" [Reveille.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Towards the close of a beautiful afternoon in July, just as the setting sun had shed his last ray upon the canvass of a ship in the offing, and the small fishing schooners were returning, like sea-gulls, to their wave-girdled nests, three amateur yachters started from Gloucester, in a pretty yacht of about twenty tons, bound for Nahant. The wind was light, from the westward; of course, there was no prospect of a quick run, but the evening was delightful—indeed, it was one of those nights when "fear may lay him down to sleep.' The day, however, had been intensely warm, and a scorching sun had given denotement of one of those sudden and violent changes which are not unfrequent in midsummer.

At about 11 o'clock, the sky in the north looked portentous, a pitch black cloud had arisen a few degrees above the horizon, and spread along from the nothwest to the northeast. The appearance was wild and threatening, and an occasional gleam of lightning indicated that it contained the elements of strife; the atmosphere, too, had become very close. These indications were unheeded by the yachters; they cared no more for the thunder-cloud than they did for the smoke of the "Regalias," which curled over their heads—the boat was a good one—"she had braved it before, and could brave it again," and come what might, they were in shape for it.

In a light wind the tiller does not minister much to the poetry of sailing, and companionship with it at such a time is not desirable; consequently, on this occasion, the helm was relieved half a dozen times before midnight, and but little regard paid to the course of the yacht. At about half-past twelve the moon went down, the breeze freshened, and a haze set in which obscured the horizon. The Boston and Long Island lights, however, were dimly visible in the distance. Nothing material occurred until half-past one, when the flapping of the sails (the boat had been brought suddenly to the wind,) and the shout from the helm "below there!" aroused the two sleepers.

"Is it a squall?" cried one of them, as he coolly stepped up the companionway.

"No," replied the helmsman, "the smut in the north has settled away; but look yonder."

"A rock!" shouted the other, rubbing his eyes. "There must have been wild steering somewhere, for we are on the Cohasset side—fill away to the northward."

The yacht was then kept away north by east. Each professed to believe that he had seen one of the Cohasset rocks, but at the same time felt that owing to the variety of steering, the current, and the haze, they were quite as likely to be somewhere else. This feeling, however, induced only an indifferent lookout, and with an increasing breeze they sped along merrily. Not more than twenty minutes had elapsed before the watch cried, "breakers ahead! hard down your helm!"

The boat shot clear, but near enough to show a small greyish rock, around which the water must have been bold, as the break was very slight. The yacht was brought to the wind again, and a council held. The first rock could not have been on the Cohasset shore, as north by east would have cleared everything. What was it, then? It must have been the Hardings, and the one just passed must have been the Northeast Breaker, off the Graves—but the Graves were not visible; that was no doubt owing to the mist which had now settled close all round. The bearings of the outer light, however, conflicted with this calculation, but the compass rested upon the floor of the cabin, and might have been influenced by the pig iron directly below it; at any rate, the rock last seen might have been the Northeast Breaker, and away they went, heading north, the helmsman humming a boat song to the tune of a cracking breeze. They soon recollected that the northeast breaker was a dark kelp-covered rock, altogether unlike the one they had just passed—on the other hand, the mist might have caused this unusual appearance. For a moment there was a slight manifestation of distrust, but the song, the witty remark, and the laugh which followed, showed that it was but a momentary feeling—"a rap full," was the word, and on she went, while "a wake like the maelstrom was boiling behind." So true is it that

"We dance on the loom that may weave us a shroud."

In less than ten minutes there was a simultaneous exclamation, "Rocks!" and under the lee bow was seen a cluster of a dozen, so near that the sea laved them, the fitful gleam of phosphoric light was distinct and visible. In an instant the yacht was on the other tack—a sound like the surf on some beach was now heard;—this added to the embarrassment of the moment, and as no one ventured any farther opinion as to the whereabouts of the little vessel, it was deemed best to anchor.—Safety was now the only thing to be consulted.

The yacht was sharp, deep, heavily ballasted, and of delicate construction; a blow, therefore, on a craggy rock, would have sent her down in two minutes. Moreover, the danger was magnified by the singular fact that the water was quite bold, no soundings had been found in less than seven fathoms.

While the boat was moving ahead slowly, her sails shaking, and before the cable could be over hauled and the anchor keyed, the man at the helm shouted "more rocks, by the ghost of Cæsar!" There they were—five of them, just on the lee beam—small, grey, and nearly upon a level with the sea! The boat was brought to the wind immediately, her foresail dropped, and the jib left to windward—the ebb tide had nearly done, and by the lead it was found that the boat was nearly stationary, or at worst, drifting slowly over the track she had passed. The compass was now placed in the standing room, but it told the same story. *If it was correct*, everything was right, as Long Island Light bore southwest by it. They had no chart, but they remembered that southwest, with a moderate draft, was a good course for Long Island Head.

They remained in this position (awaiting daylight) for an hour, descanting upon the singularity of their adventure, and upon the unaccountable things they had seen, when to their mortal horror they made a heap of rocks directly ahead, in the very range of the Kight, which still bore southwest! This appearance was the more astounding, inasmuch as the yacht had scarcely steerage way upon her, and yet the rocks were close aboard, and apparently nearing them fast—so rapidly indeed that there was not time to keep the boat away—one was already under her bowsprit. All hands now sprang forward, and applying their united strength to a strong bont-hook, they succeeded in breasting off—not the boat—but a large *straw bed*—one of a hundred and fifty, which, having been discharged from the Emigrant ships in quarantine the afternoon before, had been quietly drifting down the Sound, to the great annoyance of the "Yachters," with whose company and respectful attention they had been honored for about four hours! [Boston Journal.

"THAT LAST JULEP!"

A SHORT TEMPERANCE STORY.

Not many years since, in one of our Mississippi river cities, the landlord of a noted hotel, in spite of the good fare served upon his table took an aversion to his food, and, confining himself to the *fluid* exclusively, drank himself out of existence. He was a jolly specimen of a publican, and had endeared himself, in his latter days, to a couple of prodigal young boarders, by frequently inviting them to share in what he called "a comfortable carouse." These little reunions, as we before stated, were brought to a close by the principal suddenly dropping out of the set, and being no longer able to "stand up" to his share of the liquor. The deceased's wife being absent from the city, his friends comfortably packed him in ice for preservation until her return. The feelings of the hopeful young convivialists were sadly shocked at the idea of sojourning in the same house with the inanimate body of their regretted companion. It was all well enough when he was able to stand the liquor, and drink his share of it, but the thought of his being packed away in such cold quarters made them shiver with a strange apprehension which even brandy failed to dissipate. They had, nightly, to pass the room where the body lay, to reach their own, and every time they were forced to do so the feeling of horror grew stronger, until at length the sad example of the deceased landlord began to have its effect in winning them to temperance. At length the wife arrived, and the publican was consigned to his long home; but we regret to add that with his departure the desire for another "comfortable carouse" began to manifest itself.

"Only one more, Bill," said the eldest, "just by way of a *wake* for the old fellow—he deserves as much from us to his memory—and then it shall be an understood thing that we *quit!*"

The last little party was agreed upon, a few good fellows were invited, and on the night succeeding the burial they assembled in a room but a few doors from the former apartment of their dead host.

"What say you to *juleps*, boys?" inquired Bill.

"Considering the state of the weather, we *will* go juleps," said a guest—"*juleps all round!*"

"Hurrah for *cooling drinks!*" echoed the whole party.

Sam, a negro servant, was summoned, and a positive order issued forthwith for all the concomitants necessary to make a good julep. The brandy came, then the rum, then the mint—fresh from the earth—then the sugar.

"Now, Sam, the *ice*," was the next call, and off started their attentive waiter. He soon returned with a towel full of the material, broken up fine, and in proper order, and straight the revel begun. The juleps were delicious, and with sleeves rolled up, shirt collars open, and straws in hand, they went into them with a perfect gusto. Song, toast and sentiment, carried them gloriously into the "few short hours," by which time they were all getting rather *comfortable*.

"Here is hoping our old host has, before this, experienced a '*comfortable*' change from his *ice box*," roared one of the prodigals.

"A little *more* ice, Sam!" shouted another; "we want enough to make a parting drink." Sam vanished.

"Boys, what do you say to holding a little *pow-wow* around the old fellow's last tub? Come, we will wake his old 'cold quarters' with what he used to call a 'comfortable carouse,' just to lay his *spirit*, and keep it from searching about after nocturnal drinks."

This proposition met with a shout of approval, and glasses in hand, they proceeded in procession to the ice-box chamber, into which they burst, singing—

"Oh, aint you coming *b-a-c-k*, Stephen."

What was their affright and horror, on fairly entering the chamber, to see a dark figure, with hammer in hand, seated inside of the recent receptacle of the deceased. A light perched upon one end of the box cast a glimmer upon the ice inside, which was reflected in numerous pale streaks upon the dark figure and the wall beyond. Of course, the first impulse was to retreat, but a familiar voice arrested their footsteps:

"What de debil is de matter, gemmen?" inquired Sam, from the tub.

There was a pause, and then the inquiry—

"What the d—l are you doing there, you black rascal?"

"*Poundin' you some ice for dat lass julep!*"

"What? Ah! Oh—o—o—o-*ugh!*"

"Missis tole me, gemmen, to use dis up fust, kase de article is scace dis season!"

A shower of pint tumblers, ice, mixed juleps and all, saluted the darkey on this announcement. He kicked over the light, and with heaving stomachs the revellers hunted for the dark cause of their nausea to *use* him up; but in the struggle he escaped, and the uncertain movements of the party brought them into several collisions before they found out they were pounding the wrong customer.

It is almost unnecessary to add that this last "comfortable carouse" made a few sons of temperance. Bill, ever since, insists upon taking "warm drinks," to avoid even the possibility of there being in his fluids a particle of *second-handed ice!* [St. Louis Reveille.

A HIT AT "THE UPPER TEN THOUSAN D.' The following comical idea appears to have suggested itself to Major Noah, while he was comfortably seated in the new Astor Place opera-house the other evening:

In the midst of all the blaze of jewelry, the rustling of silks, the taste of dress generally among what is called our fashionables at the opera, while leveling their *lorgnettes* at the singers and shouting *bravo* and *bravo*, we have imagined what would be their consternation if all the traps on the stage were to open at once, and their dead ancestors solemnly rise before them—the shoemaker, with his apron, hammer, and lap stone—the tailor, with his shears and measure—the carpenter, with his adze—the baker, with his meal—the butcher, with his rump steak—and the huckster, with his basket of greens, carrots and potatoes! What shaking and trembling there would be among the silks, laces and feathers—the tight cravats, white waistcoats, opera hats, and yellow kids. And when the spectres would glare at them, mournfully shaking their heads at the folly of their position, and pointing in derision with their skinny fingers to the golden fretwork, painted dome, and richly colored pannels, dedicated to an amusement, and in a language neither of which they understood, how cadaverous and crest fallen would all this taste and fashion appear! And with a different, a less exclusive habit, how amiable it would be.

A Dutchman was relating his marvellous escape when thirteen of his companions were drowned by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape the fate of the rest?" asked one of his hearers. "I tid not go in te poad," was the Dutchman's placid answer.

Kennebec Tailoring Establishment.

JAMES DEALY, TAILOR,

WOULD respectfully inform his old friends and customers that he has again resumed business on his own account, at the store recently occupied by REUBEN PARTRIDGE, *Two Doors North of the Granite Bank, Water Street*, and takes this opportunity to tender to them his kind thanks for former favors, when doing business for himself, and the renewed and extensive patronage he has received while carrying on the Tailoring Business for CALDWELL & Co. He still flatters himself that, with renewed efforts on his part, and strict attention to all the various branches of the trade, he will continue to deserve the patronage of the lovers of good taste, the admirers of industry, and above all, of those who are and expect others to be, punctual to their engagements. J. D. will keep constantly on hand, as above,

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, and Vestings,

of the best and most approved styles and qualities, with all other articles usually found, to make up the gentleman's toilet.

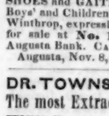
He will attend strictly to the *CUTTING* and fitting up of all garments made in his shop, and will keep none in his employ but the best of mechanics, and by such arrangement he feels confident he can give unrivaled satisfaction.

☞ J. D. wishes to employ **10 or 12 first rate Coat Makers**, (and none others need apply,) to whom good wages will be paid, as good and faithful work deserves.—Also, one or two young ladies, wishing to learn the trade, will find an available opportunity.

P. S. Particular attention paid to **Cutting Garments** to be made out of the shop, and good fits warranted without reserve when made by experienced hands.

Augusta, October, 1847. 40tf

No. 11. BOOTS & SHOES, No. 11.



THE subscribers take this method to tender their thanks to the public for their liberal patronage, and invite their attention to their Fall Stock of Ladies', Gent's, and Children's Fine BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS. Also, constantly on hand, Mens', Boys' and Children's THICK BOOTS, manufactured at Winthrop, expressly for our retail trade and WARRANTED, for sale at **No. 11 Arch Row**, third door North of Augusta Bank. CALL AND SEE. E. HASKELL & CO.

Augusta, Nov. 8, 1847. 45

DR. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA,

The most Extraordinary Medicine in the World!

THIS Extract is put up in quart bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening, or debilitating the patient.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicines is, while it eradicates diseases it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best Spring and Summer medicines ever known; it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates new, pure and rich blood; a power possessed by no other medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed within the past two years, more than **35,000** cures of every case of disease; at least 6000 of these were considered incurable. More than 2000 cases of Chronic Rheumatism; 2000 cases of Dyspepsia; 4000 cases of General Debility and Want of Energy; 7000 cases of the different Female Complaints; 2000 cases of Scrofula; 1500 cases of Liver Complaint; 3500 cases of disease of the Kidneys and Dropsy; 8000 cases of Consumption, and thousands of cases of diseases of the blood, viz. ulcers, erysipelas, saltrheum, pimples on the face, &c. together with numerous cases of sick headache, pain in the side and chest, spinal affections, &c. &c.

This, we are aware, must appear incredible, but we have letters from physicians and our agents from all parts of the United States, informing us of extraordinary cures. R. Van Buskirk, Esq., one of the most respectable druggists in Newark, N. J., informs me that he can refer to more than 150 cases in that place alone. There are thousands o cases in the city of New York, which we will refer to with pleasure, and to men of character. It is the best medicine for the preventive of disease known. It undoubtedly saved the lives of more than 5000 *Children the past season*, as it removed the cause of disease, and prepared them for the Summer season.

UNITED STATES OFFICER.—Capt. G. W. McLean, of the U. S. Navy, and member of the New Jersey Legislature, has kindly sent us the following certificate.

RAHWAY, Jan. 2, 1847.

A year since I was taken with the Influenza, and my whole system left in a debilitated state. I was induced to try Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and after taking two or three bottles, I was very much relieved, and attribute it entirely to the said Sarsaparilla. I have continued taking it, and I find that I improve every day. I believe it saved my life, and would not be without it under any consideration. G. W. McLEAN.

SCROFULA CURED.

This certificate conclusively proves that this Sarsaparilla has perfect control over the most obstinate diseases of the blood. Three persons cured in one house is unprecedented.

THREE CHILDREN.—*Dr. Townsend: Dear Sir:*—I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with bad sores—have taken some four bottles—it took them away, for which I feel under deep obligation.

Yours, ISAAC W. CRAIN, 106 *Wooster st.*

To Mothers and Married Ladies.

This extract of Sarsaparilla has been expressly prepared in reference to female complaints. No female who has reason to suppose she is approaching that critical period, "the turn of life," should neglect to take it, as it is a certain preventive for any of the numerous and horrible diseases to which females are subject at this time of life. This period may be delayed for several years by using this medicine. Nor is it less valuable to those who are approaching womanhood, as it is calculated to assist nature by quickening the blood and invigorating the system. Indeed, this medicine is invaluable for all the delicate diseases to which women are subject.

It braces the whole system, renews permanently the natural energies—by removing the impurities of the body, not so far stimulating the system as to produce a subsequent relaxation, which is the case of most medicines taken for female weakness and disease.

GREAT FEMALE MEDICINE.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla is a sovereign and speedy cure for incipient consumption, barrenness, leucorrhœa, or whites, obstructed or difficult menstruation, incontinence of urine, or involuntary discharge thereof, and for the general prostration of the system—no matter whether the result of inherent cause or causes, produced by illness or accident.

Nothing can be more surprising than its invigorating effects on the human frame. Persons subject to weakness and lassitude, from taking it, at once become robust and full of energy under its influence. It immediately counteracts the nervelessness of the female frame, which is the great cause of barrenness.

It will not be expected of us, in cases of so delicate a nature, to exhibit certificates of cures performed, but we can assure the afflicted that hundreds of cases have been reported to us. Several cases where families have been without children, after using a few bottles of this invalu ble medicine, have been blest with a healthy offspring.

Dr. Townsend—My wife being greatly distressed by weakness and general debility, and suffering continually by pain and a sensation of bearing down, falling of the womb, and with other difficulties, and having known cases where your medicine has effected great cures, and also hearing it recommended for such cases as I have described, I obtained a bottle of your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and followed the directions you gave me. In a short period it removed her complaints and restored her health. Being grateful for the benefits she received, I take pleasure in thus acknowledging it, and recommending it to the public.

M. D. MOORE, *cor. of Grand and Lydius sts.*

Albany, Aug. 17, 1847.

Opinions of Physicians.

Dr. Townsend is almost daily receiving orders from physicians in different parts of the Union.

This is to certify that we, the undersigned, physicians of the city of Albany, have in numerous cases prescribed Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and believe it to be one of the most valuable preparations of the Sarsaparilla in the market.

H. P. PULING, M. D.
J. WILSON, M. D.
R. B. BRIGGS, M. D.
P. E. ELMENDORF, M. D.

Principal office, 126 Fulton st., Sun Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co., 8 State st., Boston; Dyott & Sons, 132 North Second st., Philadelphia; S. S. Hance, Druggist, Baltimore; and by the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West Indies, and Canadas.

J. E. LADD, Augusta, and H. J. SELDEN & CO., Hallowell, *wholesale and retail agents*; for sale also by J. H. Leon & Co., Waterville; Stanley & Prince, Winthrop; A. T. Perkins, G. M. Atwood, Gardiner; A. H. Abbott, So China. 31

Crockery and Glass Ware.

J. D. PIERCE is now opening his Fall Stock of Crockery and Glass Ware, embracing all the new shapes and latest patterns, together with a large assortment o FURNITURE, Feathers, Looking Glasses, Britannia Ware, Knives and Forks, &c. &c., which will be sold at the lowest prices. 37 Augusta, September 10, 1847.

COAL!

A PRIME LOT of PICTOU FINE COAL, just received and for sale by the chaldron or single bushel, by J. & E. DAVIS & CO., No. 4, North's Block.

38tf

MOUNT EAGLE TRIPOLI.—Tripoli is unrivalled by any Lustre, Powder or Grit, for cleansing and polishing every variety of metalic or glass ware, for sale by Nov. 2. DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

CUCUMBER PICKLES for sale low by 46 B. LIBBY & CO.

DAVID KNOWLTON,

ON OAK STREET,

HAS on hand a large assortment of *FURNITURE, CHAIRS,* and *LOOKING GLASSES.* Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call and examine before they buy elsewhere.

BIRCH AND PINE COFFINS of all sizes, on hand.

N. B. All kinds of *OLD FURNITURE* repaired at short notice.

Augusta, Oct., 1846. 43

FANCY GOODS.—An elegant assortment of Fancy Goods for sale by COFREN & BLATCHFORD.

RARE CHANCE TO BUY A FARM.

THE subscriber offers for sale one of the best Farms in the county of Kennebec, being the one on which he formerly lived—situate in the north-west part of Winthrop, about three miles from Winthrop Village, and three miles from Readfield Village, through each of which the great Central Railroad, now in construction, will pass, and thirteen miles from Augusta, the Capital of the State. It contains two hundred acres, well divided into tillage, pasturage, mowing and woodland. It is well fenced, principally with stone wall, and has yielded, in some years, 100 tons of hay. There is a chance to obtain an inexhaustible supply of muck, upon the premises. The buildings are in excellent condition, and consist of a two story L house, the main part 38 by 20 feet; the L part 24 by 20; wood-house and shed 24 by 60; containing all the conveniences for a farm house, such as good cellars, dairy room, wood-house, &c. &c.; all built in a thorough and workmanlike manner.—&c.; all built in a thorough and workmanlike manner.—The barn is 100 by 40 feet, with a cellar under the most of it. There is also a chaise house 24 feet square; and a piggery, with a cellar under the whole, 25 by 60. There is also a good orchard, an aqueduct, three wells, and is well watered in every respect. The premises are in a good neighborhood, offering all the conveniences of good society, meetings, schools, &c. The subscriber owning said farm, wishes to dispose of this, and will give a good bargain to any one wishing to purchase a superior establishment for grain growing, dairying and stock raising. Possession given immediately if desired.

☞ Terms liberal.

For further particulars enquire of Col. G. W. STANLEY, Inquiries; Dr. HOLMES, Winthrop; J. WING, on the premises; or of the subscriber in Wayne. ISAAC BOWLES.

Wayne, Dec. 22, 1847. 51tf

PLOUGH MANUFACTORY.

GARFIELD & HILTON, having had eight years' experience in manufacturing PROUTY & MEAR'S *CENTRE DRAFT PLOUGHS &c.*, have located themselves in Augusta, at the foot of Court Street, on Water Street, where they have on hand, and are ready to manufacture to order, *Side-Hill, Sub-Soil, Self-Sharpening,